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[J. HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT.]

REVIEWS

A Series of Discourses upon Architecture in England, from the Norman Æra to the close of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth, with an Appendix of Notes and Illustrations, and an Historical Account of Master and Free Masons. By the Rev. James Dallaway. 8vo. London: Williams.

"More than twenty years ago (says Mr. Dallaway), I published 'Observations on English Architecture;' but, upon due consideration, instead of a second edition, I determined upon offering a series of Discourses, chronologically placed, in which I should attempt a condensation of critical opinions and historical facts, either original, or acquired from other authors during the interval of that publication."

Mr. Dallaway was early in the field. Since his work was published, in 1806, the labours of Moller, Rickman, Hunt, and others, have thrown much light upon this interesting subject. Of these, and of his own accumulated experience, he has availed himself in the present work.

But unfortunately Mr. Dallaway seems to think that he has done enough, by bringing together loads of information respecting old English architecture, and heaping it up like materials collected for erecting one of the Gothic edifices of which he loves to treat. He ought, we think, to have done more: he should have arranged his information in a clear and scientific manner—and as he believes that the Gothic architecture sprung from the Grecian, he should have supported his assertion by examples, and not dismissed the subject with the tantalizing assurance, that he could give reasons, and good ones, for his belief, but he has no wish to offend the critical and the self-sufficient. The principles of combination are so totally dissimilar in a Gothic Abbey and a Greek Temple, that we cannot conceive the process through which the latter went, before the strange metamorphosis was accomplished. There is a geometrical nicety and unity in both, but they differ as much as a cross-bow differs from a harquebus. Those however who dissent from Mr. Dallaway—and they cannot be few—will admit that he has collected many curious and striking facts respecting the Saxon, Norman, and Gothic architecture.

"T. Warton has denominated the 'absolute Gothic,' as being entirely free from any mixture of the Saxon or first Norman style. Westminster, Tintern, Monmouthshire, and Netley Abbey, Hants, are superior examples, which resemble each other so nearly, that it is a fair conjecture that they were all three the work of the same architect. After the total dereliction of what has been aptly termed the Romanesque distinction, as having grown out of an imperfect imitation of Roman models, in the architecture practised by the Normans, arose the 'Early English style,' which, from credible evidence, made its first appearance in England after the middle of the twelfth century. But the English did not adopt much decoration so early as the Germans and French. 'We can imagine that they would abandon with regret, the beautiful simplicity and sobriety of their former style, in which they had so eminently excelled.'

"Now was first seen geometrical tracery in windows, with mullions of the nail-head and toothed mouldings. Of the same date and description are likewise the elaborate compartments and ribs, which are wrought upon the surface of the vaults, after that the simpler forms were relinquished. The cathedrals of York, Lincoln, and Ely, contain at this time not only the most exquisitely wrought and variously designed specimens of Gothick sculpture, and minuter carving; but those which remain to us in the greatest perfection. The patterns were composed of geometrical figures with forms of foliage, all very delicately finished.

"But it is beyond controversy, that the first Norman architects, in the lengthened vista of their nave, which was not interrupted by the choir-screen, produced a sublime or imposing effect by their simple grandeur, and amplitude of dimensions. The transition from this noble simplicity to rich embellishment, was in certain instances, from the different æras of the building, sudden and abrupt. In the galilee, or great porch, and the inside of the tower of Ely cathedral, we have perhaps the first instance of mural arcade, or one placed merely for ornament against a wall, composed of tiers of subordinate arches, which are not interlaced. Of the last description, are many in the earlier Norman churches. They were double cylindrical columns, with bases seated upon a single plinth, wherever they were applied."

Some of our architects would do well to read oftener than once the following sensible passage respecting the scientific proprieties of the Gothic structures: it would save them from encumbering the earth with disproportioned elevations and confused interiors:—

"Under the auspices of Wykeham, himself eminently versed in the science, we have the boldest instance of the second manner, or pure Gothick. Very few Greek or Roman architects have carried technical ability and a strictly correct calculation of the proportions between strength and burthen, beyond the master masons by whom churches in the fourteenth century were built. The vaults of several of the larger dimensions, are only from nine to ten inches thick; and the outer walls, though more than fifty feet high, do not exceed two feet in thickness, at their summit. The equally clustered pillar, with a comparatively low and sharp arch, prevailed in the first part of the reign of Edward the third, over which was placed an open arcade, as originally introduced into the Norman churches, and was adopted, as far as the idea only, from them. Of the beauties which characterise the style of this æra in particular, a complete specimen offers itself in the octangular louvre at Ely, which, and the chapel of our Lady attached to the cathedral, were the sole design of Alan de Walsingham, and executed by himself between the years 1322 and 1349. It is certain that architecture was understood and encouraged by ecclesiastics in that age, and it is pleasing to rescue the name of a single practical architect, so eminently superior to others of his own time. Whilst those who designed and completed the great churches on the Continent are recorded scrupulously, respecting their talents and works, our own, not greatly inferior to them, are rarely to be ascertained."

Of the Gothic buildings of Scotland, Mr. Dallaway seems to know little; a glance at the mere engravings of them might have saved him from asserting, that the boast of the North are the chapels of Roslin and Holyrood. The former is smothered in flowers and finery; and neither of them can be compared to Elgin or Melrose; nay, the little Abbey of Sweetheart, on the Solway, for beauty of form, harmony of parts, and characteristic beauty of ornament, is much superior to some of those which he has named as holding a high rank in architectural elegance. The ribs of the arches in the northern Gothic spring from corbels; in the South, the ribs rise from marble columns, which reach down to the floor. The reason is obvious: England could afford such costly materials—Scotland could not. We shall do Mr. Dallaway the justice to quote what he says on the Scottish Gothic:—

"Of the ecclesiastical architecture in Scotland, the venerable remains of which will amply gratify antiquarian research, even the following cursory notice must not be omitted. David I. king of Scotland, was the founder of the magnificent abbeys of Melrose and Kelso, in the twelfth century. Their style accords in general with that prevalent in England at the same period. In the same reign, both Dryburgh and Jedburgh were built. These are all of them in Roxburghshire, a border county, and were built in emulation of Tynemouth Abbey and the cathedral of Lindisfarne in Northumberland. Other interesting remains are seen at Linclouden College, at Dumblaine, Aberdeen, Elgin, and Glasgow.

"But the just boast of Scotland are the chapels of Roslin and Holyrood. For richness, quantity, and variety of ornamental carvings, both withinside and without, the first-mentioned cannot be exceeded. Of arches, there are no less than thirteen different forms. The whole plan is absolutely without a parallel, and conformable with no other specimen of the fifteenth century, in which it was erected by Sir William St. Clair. Holyrood chapel is anterior, having been finished by King James, second of that name, in 1440. It is a beautiful specimen, and has a remarkable peculiarity in the forms. Flying buttresses, more rich in ornament than any in England, are applied in either instance."

The seemingly perplexed construction of a Gothic cathedral puzzles Mr. Dallaway: how the fanciful arches, with all their ornamental ribs and dropping keystones, hang in the air, and how the stones ascended to their respective places, seem a mystery to him. "The hemispherical carved courses of the groins, as I have been assured," he says, "by a very able master mason, might have been worked on the ground, and with the keystones, though of a ton weight each, raised to that height by means of an ancient instrument now called a 'Lewis,' of the powers of which a very curious account appears in the Archæologia." Any one ignorant of masonry would imagine that Mr. Dallaway had made a grand disco-

very here. Why, the "Lewis" is a simple and common instrument, known to the meanest mason's labourer: it is in the form of a dovetail, and is sunk into the upper bed of the stone; a block and tackle is applied to it, and the powers of a crab employed to raise the block. Our London readers may see one at work at Buckingham Palace daily; stones six tons weight are elevated readily; the merit of the instrument is, that it takes an internal hold of the block, and thus enables the mason to guide it to its proper bed, without endangering the joints. In truth, masonry cannot be put up well without it.

Perhaps the most interesting Discourse is that which treats of military architecture. The proud castles of the feudal times, with their historical and chivalrous associations, are brought before us in all their arrangements, from the dark *donjon* to the lady's bower.

The description, too, of the Tudor domestic architecture, will be acceptable in the present rage for that style of building. While examples remain to us of the beautiful mansions erected in the reigns of Henry VII. and VIII., it is astonishing that any should prefer the puerile conceits and absurd misapplications that followed.

The last Discourse is a historical discussion on Master and Free Masons. This is imperfect and unsatisfactory. Of the claims of ecclesiastics to the title of architects, Mr. Dallaway says,

"Although the number of those who have been styled architects will be considerably reduced by ranking as such only the *magistri ædificantes* and the *latomi*, yet that claim may be authenticated by comparing the several designations by which patrons and contributors only are distinguished from others, who might possibly have given the original designs.

"We are accustomed to attribute, and justly in many known instances, all the arts of design to ingenious ecclesiastics of the Middle Ages. But this concession must not be exclusively made with respect to professional artists. Proofs indeed abound, that individuals among the higher rank of clergy cultivated and understood architecture *theoretically*. We generally see in contemporary chronicles, supplied from local registers, the single name of the bishop or abbot recorded, under whose patronage the master-masons were employed, but who are sunk in oblivion in most instances. Although most frequently their plans were executed by ordinary masons, it cannot be fairly supposed that the erection of many cathedrals could have been designed and perfected excepting by eminent professors, exclusively devoted to the study and practice of their art.

"It may be found necessary to disrobe several of the prelates and abbots who have so long enjoyed the fame of being the architects of their own churches, in pursuit of this evidence. The parts taken by these great ecclesiastics should be separately considered:—first, as contributors only, or patrons of works; or, secondly, as having designed plans which were communicated to the master-masons for execution by them. They were probably not so well versed in geometrical science as the master-masons, for mathematics formed a part of monastic learning in a very limited degree.

"The real obligation of posterity to the founders of these magnificent edifices, which all who are endued with taste or religious feeling will not cease to venerate, in those which have been preserved to the present day, constitutes their true praise. Only let us reflect, upon a comparison with the present value of money, what an expenditure would be necessary to complete even the least considerable of them! Funds, always accumulating, were dedicated solely to those purposes, with a perseverance, and to an extent, of which we can recognise no other example. It would be invidious to attribute the only cause to their superfluous wealth."

Those who desire to amass facts and collect materials respecting the history and character of the English Gothic architecture will find much that is valuable in this volume; it will indeed be especially serviceable to architectural students—but whoso wishes to master its principles, become familiar with its beauties, and ascertain its claim to originality, will not be so well satisfied.

Luisa Strozzi, Storia del Secolo XVI.—[*Louisa Strozzi, a tale of the 16th century.*] By Giovanni Rosini. Pisa: Capurra; London, Rolandi.

This is the second time that Professor Rosini appears before the world in the character of a historical novelist, if that name can be justly assumed by a writer who, instead of interweaving an interesting fictitious tale through the real events recorded by history, merely dilates one of those real events, describing minutely the different actors therein, relating imaginary conversations, and passing the various distinguished artists and litterati of the day before us, as they visit or are visited by the other characters. A few words of abstract will prove how completely without story is the present *Storia*. Luisa Strozzi, though in love with Francesco Nasi, unresistingly marries Luigi Capponi, the husband of her father's choice, foils one or two abrupt attempts at seduction and violence, on the part of the Florentine tyrant, Alessandro de' Medici, and dies poisoned, either by Alessandro in revenge, or by her family in prevention of her possible future dishonour. We shall translate a scene or two, to show Rosini's mode of exhibiting his facts and his characters. The opening one is, we think, one of the most spirited and dramatic:—

"How long the palace bell rings this morning!" Thus spoke, on the 6th of July, 1531, in the *Mercato Nuovo* of Florence, a young peasant, to another of advanced age, who, in his general carriage, and his air of easy assurance, as he walked about the city, bespoke a familiar acquaintance with its ways.

The latter replied, "The magistrates will be assembling to lay on some new tax; but let us ask the lemonade-seller of Vaccherecia" [the old name of a street].

So saying, they turned the corner that led from the Old Bridge to the *Piazza*, but had not taken two steps ere they perceived that something extraordinary must have occurred. The multitude was thronging towards the palace-gates, but paused beneath the platform whence the Signory generally addressed the people, and gazed upwards, as though struck by some new spectacle. In fact, three coats of arms were displayed on the spot where Capponi had put up his inscription. The first coat was the Pope's, the second Duke Alessandro's; the Florentine Commonwealth's was the third.

The curiosity of the countrymen being now greatly increased, they turned to the lemonade-seller's door; and the old man, raising the latch, put his head withinside to ask a question, his young companion remaining somewhat behind him.

"What do you want?" exclaimed from his bench Master Cosimo, who, begirt with a coarse black apron that reached to his feet, sat polishing a pewter salver with a white cloth. He spoke with an air of wonder—in fact, he supposed the rustics had confounded the door of his shop with that of the neighbouring public-house.

"Master," returned Ciarpaglia, (so was the old man called,) "we would fain know what all this ringing is for."

"Go your ways, brethren," replied the worthy shopkeeper; "the bell does not ring so, except for affairs of state—and I have no mind to see *Ser* Maurizio's ugly phiz again. I had enough of that three months ago, only for asking what brought Cardinal Ippolito* to Florence. If you have nothing else to say to me, God be with you away."

"And who is this Ser Maurizio?" asked the youth, when they had left the shop.

"Dost know what the Bugaboo is to children? That is this hangman to us. To see him is enough to make one ill for the day." * *

At this moment, a holy friar of San Marco advanced rapidly, hurrying perhaps to say mass in the private chapel of some nobleman. He rolled his eyes from side to side, (as though, by their movement, he would escape from some painful thought,) and met, by chance, those of Cocchetto, the younger rustic. He, taking courage, when they were close together, civilly inquired, "Wherefore this ringing, father?"

The friar sighed deeply; then cast down his eyes, bowed his head, exclaimed, "My son, for our sins," and passed on.

"That is a Whiner,"† said the old man.

"Which means——?"

"I understand, myself."

They stood silent for an instant, then advanced three steps, and met a tall, slender young man, with his hood upon one shoulder, and his hair hanging about his neck. Of him, likewise, the young peasant inquired what the ringing meant.

"The Devil's Matins," was the reply.

"And where are they chaunted?"

But the long-haired youth went on without answering, and they saw him enter Master Cosimo's shop.

"That is a Raver,"‡ said Ciarpaglia,—"and my wonder is, that any of the seed should remain." * * *

The peasants had now gained the *Piazza*, and keeping to the right, near the steps that lead up to Orgagna's gallery, Ciarpaglia met an acquaintance. This was the chaplain of the Impruneta, who chanced to be at Florence. Seeing his companion greet him, Cocchetto took off his cap, and kissed the priest's hand.

Meanwhile, from the various streets that lead to the *Piazza*, streamed people of all sorts, some impelled by hope, some by fear, all by curiosity to behold a novelty; but on no countenance shone that ray of joy and of satisfaction, which, in our youth, made popular festivals appear so delightful. Nothing was to be seen but different groups forming, here and there, talking earnestly amongst themselves, asking questions, and giving answers, because the innate passion for talking prevailed over prudence and fear in all who had not, like Master Cosimo, experienced its irksome consequences.

"Let us go up into the gallery, since there is room," said the priest to the old peasant; "so we shall see much better."

"And what shall we see?" asked his young comrade, tormented by curiosity.

"We shall see the magistrates pass as they go to the palace to take the oaths of obedience." And he told them how Alessandro de' Medici,

* Another illegitimate Medici, the rival of Alessandro. Ser Maurizio was a sanguinary and arbitrary judge.

† The followers of Savonarola were called *Piagnoni*, whiners, from their constant lamentations over their own sins and those of others.

‡ The Democrats of Florence were called *Arrabiati*, meaning the furious or mad.

having arrived overnight, almost unexpectedly, from Flanders, was coming that morning, to be acknowledged head of the State of Florence.

The following is an account of a visit to Michael Angelo's *studio*, paid by Don Antonio Muscettola, the Imperial Ambassador and Mentor at the court of Duke Alessandro, in company with Madonna Clarice, a daughter of the Medici, her daughter Luisa, and Francesco Nasi:—

Michael Angelo was in the ordinary dress that he always wore in his workshop, (as a Studio was then called), and had upon his head his pasteboard cap, in the vertex of which appeared a socket, wherein at night was fixed a candle, to illuminate the marble upon which he was at work. The light, coming from behind, and striking upon the parts fronting him, revealed every little projection that could render them harsh, or less perfectly true.

He made no apology for his dress, but received them as they deserved. He turned respectfully to Don Antonio and Madonna Clarice, with a smiling countenance to Luisa, took Francesco by the hand, and then presented to them the artists who were with him, of whom two were working at his statues, and two had come to visit him.

Of these last, the one, recently arrived from Rome, and preparing to return thither, displayed extraordinary vivacity and spirit: the other was quiet and thoughtful; but his countenance indicated uncommon intellect. Finding him here, and honoured by Michael Angelo, the aspect could not mislead. The other was abundantly forward.

In fact, during the short silence that follows the first civilities, whilst the eyes are cast around, upon entering any place that excites the mind to veneration and respect, ere the party had well begun to admire the designs for the Medicean monuments, the completed statues of Lorenzo and Giuliano, the four other incipient statues, the marvellous picture of Leda, and the cartoon of Venus kissed by Cupid, the former artist (who proves to be Benvenuto Cellini), began to speak.

"This cartoon," said he, "will astonish the world when it shall be coloured. But why talk of things to be done, when there is so much to say of those that are done? Madonna Clarice, look at your brother; does it not seem as though he would rise up, if you only called him?"

One of the artists, meanwhile, was patiently polishing the statue's lower garments; he was that Ascanio Condivi who afterwards followed the master to Rome, remained with him till his death, and so beautifully wrote his memoirs.

The other, in the opposite corner, was at work upon Duke Giuliano's face, intent to giving it that softness and finish which are produced more by patience than by the sharp, bold, and decisive strokes of the chisel, such as Michael Angelo's were wont to be. Thin and insignificant, he had changed his nature with the lapse of years, but retained a designation that he no longer deserved. He had been nick-named *Il Tribolo* (the torment), but was now the quietest and most peaceable little man in the world; so that his appearance did not promise the excellent artist that he turned out. * * *

Cellini went on,—"This brother of yours, Madonna, has been not wrought, but created thus; he sprang from the marble without all those models,—for to him who knows what he is about, a hint is enough." With a patronizing air he now opened a cupboard, whence he took a tiny model† of a span long, and showing it round, added, "Is it not true? Making great models, as if for fear of blundering in the proportions of the statue—just as boys put lines under their paper for fear of writing crooked—is a precaution befitting knaves and poltroons. Is it not true, Niccolo?" and he shouted into the ear of him who was busy about Giuliano's face, "Is it not true? Why dost not answer?"

"Most true; yes, whatever it comes into your head to say or do is most true, even though it were to give a naked Saint boots, like Topolino." * * *

The Ambassador, who had hitherto listened and laughed, now asked what was this story of Topolino; and Michael Angelo related, that his stone-cutter had taken a fancy to turn sculptor, had completed a naked St. Sebastian, and was proudly exhibiting him, when some one remarked that the legs, from the knee to the foot, were too short by a span. 'That is nothing,' he replied. Then cutting the legs in two, he fitted in a pair of boots; and asked everybody, with the utmost simplicity, whether it did not do admirably so. And the great man smiled good-naturedly; for the most powerful intellects are always the most ready to compassionate the weak—mediocrity only is arrogant. * * *

"Why, Benvenuto," exclaimed Michael Angelo, "dost think this noble company have no eyes, and I no ears? Without thus making me blush, suffer them to observe what art has inspired me with, in this, not easy, enterprise.'

Then turning to Clarice he said, "My Night has been much praised; but the Duke Lorenzo — (and he led her towards the place where Ascanio was at work)—appears to me the most alive of all my statues."

"And that," resumed Cellini, "is because it was created in the marble, not in the model, of which, when transferred to the marble, it becomes else a mere translation."

All eyes turned upon Michael Angelo, as if to ascertain what he thought of this assertion.

"Assuredly," said he, "I never heard that Homer wrote the Iliad in prose, and then transmuted it into verse."

Here we conclude. As a novel, 'Luisa Strozzi' is a failure; but it contains many clever scenes which throw light on the situation of Florence at the most interesting period of its history. There are two editions of the work published; one is illustrated with portraits of the more celebrated characters, and outlines of some of the more celebrated works referred to.

† It still exists in the R. Gallery, and is admirable.

The Seven Temptations; a Dramatic Heptalogy. By Mary Howitt. London: Bentley.

It is long since we had a *volume* from the hand of Mary Howitt. We are, indeed, occasionally called upon to notice those snatches of song of hers, which give beauty and freshness to the Annuals, but which, from their appearing singly, only represent a part of her powers at a time. Here, however, she puts them forth entire. She has chosen a bold subject—none other than the strife between good and evil—and wrought it out by a series of scenes from *life* (not the life of this century, or that country, but in its most universal sense), which she has dashed off with a free and fearless pencil. We are not among those critics who reverse the practice of worthy Mrs. Glibbans, (*vide* 'Ayrshire Legatees,') who was reconciled to Mozart's music on a Sunday, by the happy idea that it might be a paraphrase of the Song of Moses; nor have we fellowship with him who, while he refuses to license angels, lets all manner of *devils* loose upon the world, under the sanction of his *imprimatur;* nor do we mean to look wise, and shut the book, and say "it is naught," because high themes are approached therein: on the contrary, we acknowledge at once that we have gone through the whole volume with sincere pleasure. We will not stop to find a name for these—not tales, for the thread of the narrative is broken at pleasure, and oftentimes left incomplete—nor poems, as they are partly written in energetic prose—nor dramas, for the action proceeds spontaneously and steadily forward, and the passion is not struck out by passing events,—but will extract such a set of passages as will *prove* that the delightful authoress of 'The Seven Temptations' unites within herself a purity of feeling—an earnest simplicity—solemn, sarcastic, or tender, as it may be—closely resembling the life-like pathos of Defoe, with such an occasional sublimity of imagination as is shared by few—very few women.

Let us take a passage from 'Thomas of Torres'—a descriptive soliloquy:—

Such was the lord of Torres three years since!
He rode, he ran, he hunted, and he hawked,
And all exclaimed, "a gallant gentleman;"
He had his gay companions—what of that?
They said that youth must have its revelries.
He laughed, he sung, he danced, he drank his wine,
And all declared, "a pleasant gentleman!"
* * * * *
The lord of Torres did outgo his rents;
His many friends had ta'en his ready cash;
"What then!" said they, "thy lands are broad and rich,
Get money on them!" Ah, poor thoughtless fool,
He listened to their counsels!—Feasts and gifts,
And needy friends, again have made him bare!
"Cut down thy woods!" said they. He cut them down;
And then his wants lay open to the day,
And people said "this thriftless lord is poor!"
This touched his pride, and he grew yet more lavish.
"Come to my heart," said he, "my faithful friends;
We'll drink and laugh, to show we yet can spend!"
—"The woods are felled; the money is all spent;
What now remains?—The land's as good as gone,
The usurer doth take its yearly rent!"
So spake the lord again unto his friends;
"Sell house and all!" exclaimed the revellers.
The young lord went to his uneasy bed
A melancholy man. The portraits old
Looked from their gilded frames as if they spoke
Silent upbraidings—all seemed stern but one,
That youthful mother, whose kind eye and smile
Appeared to say, Return my son, return!
The lord of Torres is a thoughtful man:
His days are full of care, his nights of fear;
He heedeth not which way his feather sits;
He wears the velvet jerkin for the silk;
He hath forgot the roses in his shoes;
He drinks the red wine and forgets the pledge;
He hears the jest, and yet he laugheth not:
Then said his friends "Our lord hath lost his wits,
Let's leave him ample space to look for them!"
They rode away, and left his house to silence;
The empty rooms echoed the closing doors;—
The board was silent; silent was the court,
Save for the barking of the uneasy hounds.
Soon spread those friends, the news of his distress!
And then again a crowd was at his doors;
This was a jeweller, and must be paid;
This was a tailor—this had sold perfumes,
This silks, and this confectionary and wine—
They must—they must be paid—they would be paid!
"The lord of Torres is a ruined man!"

Again, the prodigal fallen from his proud estate, apostrophizing Fire:

A fire's a good, companionable friend,
A comfortable friend, who meets your face
With pleasant welcome, makes the poorest shed
As pleasant as a palace! Are you cold?
He warms you—weary? he refreshes you—
Hungry? he doth prepare your viands for you—
Are you in darkness? he gives light to you—
In a strange land, his face is that of one
Familiar from your childhood - are you poor?
What matters it to him? He knows no difference
Between an emperor and the poorest beggar!
Where is the friend that bears the name of man
Will do as much for you?

This drama is founded on the scripture parable of the rich man.

Enter Steward.

Steward. The barns are full, my lord, and there is yet grain to be housed.

Lord of T. The cost were great to build more barns—let it be housed under this roof.

Stew. My lord!

Lord of T. To be sure! the state-rooms are large and lofty—and to me they are useless, let them be filled!

Stew. What! with the gilt cornices, and the old lords and ladies on the walls!

Lord of T. The same! are they not well placed, so that a wain might approach without impediment?

Stew. It were a mortal sin!

Lord of T. I cannot afford to build new barns—remember the mildew last season, and the cow that died in March—these are great losses!

Stew. Well, my lord, the harvest is ready, it must be done quickly.

Lord of T. A broad door-way making, will not cost much; send me a builder to-morrow, and let us have an estimate—these people require being tied down to the farthing! [*the steward goes out.*

[*The Lord of Torres unlocks his iron door, counts his bags, puts his keys under his pillow, and then lies down—after some time he starts up.*

Fire! murder! thieves! my gold! my iron chest!
They will break in, and rob my iron chest!
[*he rubs his eyes, and looks around him.*
Was it a dream? thank heaven, it was a dream!
Then all is safe—my iron chest is safe!
[*he feels for his keys.*
Ay, they are safe, the keepers of my treasures—
Now let me sleep—I've much to do to-morrow.
I must be wary in this estimate.
One half the sum he asks will be enough!
[*he lies down and sleeps.*

[*An awful voice passes through the chamber*

"Thou fool, this night thy soul will be required from thee; then whose will those things be which thou hast provided?"

The next drama, 'The Pirate,' contains passages and descriptions of fearful power, but we cannot make room for them; nor will we give a hint of the story, as we must show the writer in her gentler mood.

A sylvan grotto, the floor covered with rich Indian mat. Albert asleep, with his head resting on the knees of Edah, a beautiful young native, who fans him with a gorgeous plume of feathers—she sings in a low, sweet voice:

Little waves upon the deep,
Murmur soft when thou dost sleep;
Gentle birds upon the tree,
Sing their sweetest songs for thee;
Cooling gales, with voices low,
In the tree tops gently blow!
Dearest, who dost sleeping lie,
All things love thee, so do I!

When thou wak'st the sea will pour
Treasures for thee to the shore;
And the earth in plant and tree,
Bring forth fruits and flowers for thee;
And the glorious heaven above
Smile on thee like trusting love,
Dearest, who dost sleeping lie,
All things love thee, so do I!

Albert [*opening his eyes*] 'Tis a sweet song—who taught it thee, my Edah?

Edah. Love taught it me—I made it as I sang. I ever think thus when I think of thee; Thou art a song for ever in my soul!

Albert. My glorious Edah, thou art like a star Which men of old did worship!

Edah. Golden stars! The wise men of our nation call them worlds, Where happy spirits dwell—where those that loved, And those that have been wise and good, like thee, Live in delight, and never die again. I love the stars—the happy stars—dost thou?

Albert. All that is beautiful resembles thee, And what resembles thee I love, my Edah! But know'st thou we must part?

Edah. Why must we part? Oh, no! thou said'st we would not part till death!

Albert. A spirit from my native land doth call—I may not disobey it!

Edah. When called it thee?

Albert. I hear it calling ever—I must hence!

Edah. Is't death? For on the eve my sister died I saw a shadowy phantom, and I heard Low voices calling—is it death thou hearest?

Albert. No, no, my beautiful! it is not death, But it is strong as death!—in my far land I have a mother who doth mourn for me, And ever, ever, do I hear her voice!

Edah. Oh! I would leave my mother for thy sake! Let me go with thee!

* * * *

Oh do not leave me!
Come back and see the grotto I have decked—
Thou said'st thou lovedst the red rose and the lotus,
Come back and see how I have twined them for thee!
Thou said'st thou lovedst the gushing, fragrant melon,
I've sought the island o'er to find the best;
Come back and eat it with me!

Albert. Oh, kind heart, It wounds my very soul to part from thee!

Edah. Each shell thou praised—pearl ones, that blush inside,
And rosy corallines, I have collected—
Oh come thou back! I would be slave to thee,
And fetch thee treasure from the great sea-caves!
I would do aught to win thee back again.

Albert. Thou can'st not go; but, my sweet island queen,
I will return to thee! now fare thee well!

Edah. Wilt thou, wilt thou indeed? oh then farewell For a short season. I will watch for thee For ever from the hills, and all night long Keep a bright beacon burning! Oh come soon, And bring thy mother with thee—I will love her. Thou dost not know how I should love thy mother!

We wish that we had space for some of the scenes on board the plague ship; but it cannot be. We must, however, give a picture of six lines; it is of a maiden rescued from death, and spared for a worse fate:—

Cap. The loaded sails
Dropped momently their heavy beads of dew
Upon the silent deck, meting out time
As the clock's ticking;—still she stood, like death,
The midnight dew in her black trailing hair,
And the white moon upon her whiter face!

We pass over 'Raymond,' and 'The Old Man,' to give this extract from 'Philip of Maine',—a scene from a popular tumult:—

Man. These scenes are plain enough!

Mother S. I saw, myself,
Two armies from the north and south o' the sky
Come up like hissing dragons; and the heavens
The while were red as blood!

Man. And bloody banners,
And fiery swords and spears, like flickering lightning,
Are thicker set than stars!

Old Man. Wherefore these signs?
I'll tell ye—to arouse ye to repentance!
Banners, and swords, and shields, to teach that ye
Are soldiers of a holy militant church;
Rivers of blood, to show the blood of Christ;
Groanings and awful sighings, to recall
The death on the cross; and moans and hissings wild—

Mother S. Peace, driveller, hold your peace!

2nd Man. No, no, these signs,
These awful, fiery signs, have other meanings—
Tokens of wrath, to show the end o' the world
Is now at hand!

Philip of M. I see these diverse sights
Of comets and wild meteors in the air;
And streaming fires, which from the northern pole
Cast o'er the sky this wild, horrific glare;
But what of these, my friends?
These things are tokens,
Sent to the great and powerful of the earth
To shake their souls! High heaven is wroth with them!

Mother S. Thou art a wise man! I do read these things
As thou. But hark! here comes the Innocent—
The poor dumb innocent that now doth speak—
Such wonders are abroad!

[*the crowd gives way, and the Innocent enters, tossing his arms wildly, and speaking.*

Look, they're coming from the clouds!
Thousands, thousands; crowds on crowds!
Banners streaming; bright swords flashing—
Onward, onward dashing, crashing!
Lo, they meet! The weak are strong!
Right is mightier now than wrong—
Drive the bloody ploughshare deep;
Strike the sickle in and reap!
Weapons not of earth they wield
'T is a crimson harvest field!
Warrior to the fight away!
This is the appointed day!
Cowards, do ye quake with fear?
Up, the man of might is here!
Where is he? the man of might?
Give him - give him to my sight!
I have seen him in my sleep—
Heard him in the silence deep—
Now I know by signs of fear
That the man of might is here!
Hence! ye hide him from my view—

[*he parts the crowd, and looks around him*

Where art thou, O warrior true?
Ha! I see thee! thou art he!
Get thee hence to victory.

[*he falls back insensible, at Philip's feet.*

We have stretched our space to include these, and have still been compelled to omit half the passages we had marked, particularly some of the beautiful lyrics with which the book abounds. Those we have given, however, will speak for themselves.

The Works of Robert Burns: with his Life. By Allan Cunningham. Vol. II. London: Cochrane and M'Crone.

THIS volume carries down the compositions of the poet as far as the 'Twa Dogs'—the editor having done his utmost to arrange them in the order in which they were written, and supplied many notes and commentaries thereon, in his own pleasant and earnest manner. We extract a few anecdotes from the former, which are new to us—and first, of the Prince and Power of the air—(a note to Burns's 'Address to the Deil'):—

"The Prince and Power of the air is a favourite topic of rustic speculation. The peasantry complain that Milton has made Satan too acceptable to the fancy, and seem to prefer him, with his monkish attributes—horns, cloven-foot, and tail. An old shepherd told me he had, when a boy, as good as seen him.—'I was,' said he, 'returning from school, and stopped till the twilight, groping trouts in a burn, when a thunder-storm came on. I looked up, and just before me a cloud came down as dark as night—the queerest-shaped cloud I ever saw; and there was something terrible about it, for when it was close to me, I saw, as plain as I see you, a dark form within it, thrice the size of any earthly man. It was the Evil One himself—there's nae doubt o' that.'—'Samuel,' I said, 'did you hear his cloven-foot on the ground?'—'No,' replied he, 'but I saw ane o' his horns—and, O what waves o' fire were rowing after him!'"

We have some curious anecdotes as to the displeasure which Burns's spirited, and often too audacious sallies, excited among the straight-laced:—

"These satiric sallies were not unavenged by the children of the Old Light. They called Burns unbeliever, profane scoffer, and ungodly rhymer—epithets of influence in those days: and they moreover represented, that the Bachelor's Club of Mauchline, where the Poet presided, met for other than moral purposes. Their language was reported as loose, their toasts indecorous, and one of the elders, it is said, having caught up two or three wild stanzas scattered by Burns at one of those mirthful meetings, kept repeating them wherever he went, saying, at the end of every verse, 'Oh, what a wild lad! A lost sheep—a lost sheep!'"

Perhaps, as Imagination seems just now not disinclined to turn back to study fairy lore, the following extract may not be mistimed—it is from a note to 'Halloween.'

"Of the fairies who, on sprightly coursers, rode on Cassillis-Downans, we have from Burns but a brief account;—the tale of Tamlane lets us more into the secret of their midnight doings;—tradition adds a few particulars. They were not a mischievous race: they loved romantic hills and lonely valleys—they were fond of music and of children—their dress is invariably described as green—their heads bare, and their hair long and of a golden hue. The horses on which they rode were from fairy land, had small bells at their manes, long tails, and were of a cream-colour. The musical instruments of these spiritual people were corn-pipes and bog-reeds—but they could extract divine harmony out of an ordinary whistle. They loved bread baked of new meal: milk, warm from the cow, and honey dropped from the comb. They had the power of blessing or of cursing families and flocks, and never overlooked an ill deed nor forgot a favour. It is generally admitted that they left our land about seventy years ago: their mournings and moanings among the hills on the Hallowmass night of their departure—according to the assertion of an old shepherd—were melancholy to hear."

A short account of Tam Samson, appended to his elegy:—

"No poet ever emblazoned fact with fiction more happily than Burns: the hero of this poem was a country sportsman, who loved curling on the ice in winter, and shooting on the moors in the season. When no longer able to

Guard or draw a wick or bore,
Or up the rink like Jehu roar
In time of need;

or march over hill and hagg in quest of

Paitricks, teals, moor-pouts, and plivers,

he loved to lie on the lang-settle, and listen to the deeds of others on field and flood; and when a good tale was told, he would cry 'Hech man! three at a shot; that was famous!' Some one informed Tam that Burns had written a poem—'a gay queer ane'—concerning him: he sent for the Bard, and in something like wrath, requested to hear it: he smiled grimly at the relation of his exploits, and then cried out, 'I'm no dead yet, Robin—I'm worth ten dead fowk: wherefore should ye say that I am dead?' Burns took the hint, retired to the window for a minute's space or so, and coming back, recited the Per Contra, 'Go, fame, an' canter like a filly.' Tam was so delighted that he rose unconsciously, rubbed his hands, and exclaimed, 'That'll do—ha! ha!—that'll do!' The poetic epitaph is inscribed on his grave-stone in the churchyard of Kilmarnock; he survived the writing of the elegy and—the hand that wrote it."

A house-keeper's opinion of the 'Cotter's Saturday Night':—

"When Burns was first invited to dine at Dunlop-house, a westlan dame, who acted as housekeeper, appeared to doubt the propriety of her mistress entertaining a mere ploughman who made rhymes, as if he were a gentleman of old descent. By way of convincing Mrs. M'Guistan, for that was her name, of the bard's right to such distinction, Mrs. Dunlop gave her 'The Cotter's Saturday Night' to read. This was soon done: she returned the volume with a strong shaking of the head, saying, 'Nae doubt gentlemen and ladies think mickle o' this, but for me its naething but what I saw i' my father's house every day, and I dinna see how he could hae tauld it ony other way.'"

In a note to one of Burns's paraphrases of the Psalms, is the following anecdote:—

"It is related in our Scottish legends that a wayfaring Irishman took shelter, one stormy night, in a farmer's house, just as the household struck up the ninetieth psalm, some say the hundred and nineteenth—in family worship. The stranger, ignorant of the devotional turn of his host, imagined the psalm to be a song in honour of his coming—in short, a welcome. He sat and heard it to an end, and then said, 'Merry be your heart, goodman; that's a long song, and a good song; and, by way of requital, I shall give you a touch of Brian O'Linn.'"

The Curiosities of Literature. By I. D'Israeli. Ninth edit. Vol. I. London: Moxon.

This is the first of the series of volumes, which we announced some time since. If we were to argue as to the general sale from personal feeling, we should say that the work promised to be one of the most successful of its kind. Mr. D'Israeli's volumes are literally a store-house of the most delightful anecdotes: we return to them with ever fresh delight; they have received, and deservedly, the highest commendation of the most distinguished men of the age. The present edition has been revised, and is not only cheap, but beautiful; a portrait of the Author is prefixed to this first volume. The following is an extract from the Preface:—

"Among the literary novelties of our times, one not the least interesting has been those secret histories of their works, which some of our great authors have prefixed to their late republications. * * *

"I cannot, myself, consign to the press, for the ninth time, these 'Curiosities of Literature,' in their present popular form, without being reminded of the peculiarity of their fate. It is now approaching half a century since their first volume appeared; about a year or two after the second succeeded. Twenty years elapsed before a third was produced; and six years subsequently the last three volumes were at once given to the world. Of volumes produced at such distinct intervals, it may be worth notice that they reflect three æras of the writer's life. In the first stage of investigation we are eager to acquire and arrange knowledge; in the second our curiosity becomes more critical, and more varied; and in the third, knowledge and curiosity opening the virgin veins of original research, and striking out new results, in the history of human nature, we combine philosophy with literature."

The Pilgrims of the Rhine. By the Author of 'Pelham,' 'Eugene Aram,' &c. London: Saunders & Otley.

As it is with the drama, so it seems likely to be with literature,—the intellectual superseded by the visible. Authors yet remain for the stage; but there are more important personages—viz. scene-painters, carpenters, dress-makers, and machinists, to say nothing of the concoctors of advertisements. And how many books are now recommended to, and received by, the public, not on the strength of the writer's talents, but by dint of paper luxuriously fine, typography indescribably neat, prints of such an exquisite fineness and delicacy of execution, that they seem almost to live and to smile upon you, and such pretty bindings, that they reproach you for not transferring them from the shop to the drawing-room table. An author, of course, can have no objection to see the produce of his genius, or the result of his inspiration, given to the public in a graceful and winning form; but, unless he be blinded by vanity, a painful thought must occasionally cross his mind, that the sale may be in part attributable to external embellishment, as well as internal worth and virtue. It is certain that many books have found a market, as many pretty simpletons of the gentler sex have, rather for their beauty than for their wit; and the proprietor of 'The Pilgrims of the Rhine,' observing how much has been effected by beauty without wit, has boldly adventured on the union of the two, calculating, we suppose, that if embellishments will sell a given number, and the genius of the author a given number, the union of the two will sell twice as many as either alone. The book before us has this twofold interest, and requires, therefore, a twofold criticism; but as its literary merit is great, we intend to confine ourselves, on this occasion, entirely to its literature.

The design of the work is to illustrate the Rhine by the double aid of picturesque fiction and pictorial embellishment. Mr. Bulwer expresses a wish that his "work should be tried by rules rather of poetry than prose." Certainly it must be so tried, if it be tried fairly; for it is not a prose tour,—it touches indeed upon that which is seen, but also upon that which is unseen—on ancient recollections, and on ancient superstitions; and so far it is essentially poetical. It is not a rapid narrative of facts and of forms which may be gabbled over, and perused like a catalogue of curiosities, that nobody is curious about; but it puts the shell to our ear, that we may hear its music; it dwells upon feeling, and makes the river live in our imagination. The artist and the author are independent; both illustrate the same subject by their own peculiar poetry: the prints, though connected with the literary department, are not merely its ministers, and the author has not written merely to explain the engravings. The work opens with a "Prefatory Poem to the Ideal," which will please many readers, though it does not satisfy us. We are not sure that we shall make ourselves understood,—but to us there is something strained and straddling in the style; it wraps up common thoughts in huge complicated folds. The language puts one in mind of the long-legged figures in Fuseli's pictures; the legs and arms look much too long, though we cannot exactly point out how they can be made shorter. Indeed, we like Mr. Bulwer's prose a great deal better than his verse. Heedless of the critics, almost all the verse-makers for the last thirty or forty years have treated rhythmus, accent, and quantity with the profoundest contempt, and instead of making verse, they make minced prose, only to be converted to a semblance of verse by means of a villanously misplaced accent. Who could imagine that the following was part of the poem—and who can now put it back into verse?—

"The wish to be better and brighter than we are—our claim to make men great and blest, and consummate our likeness to the glorious shapes of heaven."

The first chapter introduces us very amusingly to the fairies who quit England for the banks of the Rhine, and afford opportunity, in the course of the work, to illustrate some superstitions, and to tell some pretty nursery tales. The pilgrims themselves are described in the following extract:—

"From the heights of Bruges a mortal and his betrothed gazed upon the scene below. They saw the sun set slowly amongst purple masses of cloud, and the lover turned to his mistress and sighed deeply, for her cheek was delicate in its blended roses, beyond the beauty that belongs to the hues of health; and when he saw the sun sinking from the world, the thought came upon him that *she* was his sun, and the glory that she shed over his life might soon pass away into the bosom of the 'ever-during Dark.' But against the clouds rose one of the many spires that characterise the town of Bruges; and on that spire, melting into heaven, rested the eyes of Gertrude Vane. The different objects that caught the gaze of each was emblematic both of the different channel of their thoughts, and the different elements of their nature; he thought of the sorrow, she of the consolation,—his heart prophesied of the passing away from earth,—her's of the ascension into heaven. The lower part of the landscape was wrapt in shade; but just where the bank curved round in a mimic bay, the waters caught the sun's parting smile, and rippled against the herbage that clothed the shore, with a scarcely noticeable wave. There were two of the numerous mills, which are so picturesque a feature of that country, standing at a distance from each other on the rising banks, their sails perfectly still in the cool silence of evening, and adding to the rustic tranquillity which breathed around. For to me there is something in the stilled sails of one of those inventions of man's industry, peculiarly eloquent of repose; the rest seems typical of the repose of our own passions—short and uncertain, contrary to their natural ordination; and doubly impressive from the feeling which admonishes us how precarious is the stillness—how

utterly dependent on every wind rising at any moment, and from any quarter of the heavens! They saw before them no living forms, save of one or two peasants, yet lingering by the water side.

"Trevylyan drew closer to his Gertrude; for his love was inexpressibly tender, and his vigilant anxiety for her, made his stern frame feel the first coolness of the evening, even before she felt it herself.

"'Dearest, let me draw your mantle closer round you.' Gertrude smiled her thanks.

"'I feel better than I have done for weeks,' said she, 'and when once we get into the Rhine, you will see me grow so strong as to shock all your interest for me.'

"'Ah, would to heaven my interest for you may be put to such an ordeal!' said Trevylyan, and they turned slowly to the inn, where Gertrude's father awaited them.

"Trevylyan was of a wild, a resolute, and an active nature. Thrown on the world at the age of sixteen, he had passed his youth in alternate pleasure, travel, and solitary study. At the age in which manhood is least susceptible to caprice, most perhaps to passion, he fell in love with the loveliest person that ever dawned upon a poet's vision. I say this without exaggeration, for Gertrude Vane's was indeed the beauty, but the perishable beauty, of a dream. It happened most singularly to Trevylyan, (but he was a singular man,) that being naturally one whose affections it was very difficult to excite, he should have fallen in love at first sight with a person whose disease, already declared, would have deterred any other heart from risking its treasures on a bark so utterly unfitted for the voyage of life. Consumption, but consumption in its most beautiful shape, had set its seal upon Gertrude Vane, when Trevylyan first saw her, and at once loved. He knew the danger of the disease; he did not, except at intervals, deceive himself; he wrestled against the new passion; but stern as his nature was, he could not conquer it. He loved, he confessed his love, and Gertrude returned it."

This beautiful invalid, her romantic lover, and her not romantic, though deep-feeling and sensible father, make the tour of the Rhine, seeing all that is worth seeing, and admiring all that merits admiration, curious as to the past as well as to the present, and rendering their progress more pleasing by many tales and traditions characteristic of the regions through which they pass. The fairies also act a kind of subordinate part in the machinery of the pilgrimage, but do not influence the destiny of the mortal travellers quite so much as the gods and goddesses of Olympus influenced the destiny of the heroes of the Iliad. The principal use of these fairies seems to be to tell a fairy tale quite *à la mode Germanorum*, and we know not whether Mr. Bulwer will thank us for it or not, but we certainly mean it as a compliment, when we say that in the story called 'The wooing of Master Fox,' he is quite equal to Mother Bunch, whom we take to be unquestionably the Homer of Fairyland. The high-minded Trevylyan also tells some excellent stories, which are too long for extract. 'The Maid of Malines' is to our taste the best. But we wish to have a word or two with Trevylyan, who has undoubtedly some good points about him, but who has some crotchets in his head about literature, which the sooner he gets rid of the better. The father of Gertrude says:—

"'What ambition can ever bring an adequate reward? Not surely the ambition of letters,—the desire of intellectual renown.'

"'True,' said Trevylyan, quietly, 'that dream I have long renounced; there is nothing palpable in literary fame—it scarcely soothes the vain; perhaps—it assuredly chafes the proud. In my earlier years I attempted some works, which gained what the world, perhaps rightly, deemed a sufficient meed of reputation; yet it was not sufficient to recompense myself for the fresh hours I had consumed, for the sacrifices of pleasure I had made. The subtle aims that had inspired me were not perceived; the thoughts that had seemed new and beautiful to me, fell flat and lustreless on the soul of others; if I was approved, it was often for what I condemned myself; and I found that the trite common-place and the false wit charmed, while the truth fatigued, and the enthusiasm revolted."

This is the commencement of a long speech all to the same purport; and now, in the utmost sincerity of heart, and with all good feeling towards Trevylyan, we take leave to tell him that next to quarrelling with his own bread and butter, the worst thing a man can quarrel with is the world. You cannot send the world a challenge; if you wish to call it out, who is to be your second? There is no such thing as pulling the world's nose, though it has a great many. And the worst of the matter is, that if the world will be saucy, it is impossible to teach it better manners. The world has no malice against Trevylyan, and is quite as ready to do justice to him, if it knew how, as to Homer and Milton. To be out of humour with the world, is to be out of humour with oneself. If we want the world to be pleased with us, we must be pleased with the world. The world is to us as we make it; if we do not care for it, it will not care for us; if we run into a desert it will not run after us; if we write what it likes, it will read it—not to please us, but to please itself: and if we write what it does not like, it will not read it, but out of no personal spite to us! But there ought to be consolation for Trevylyan, in the assurance that if the world admires in the wrong place, it has no judgment, and if it has no judgment, it must be inferior to him that has; and is it not a sufficient consolation, to be able to look down on the world's intellect? And further, if the world have not judgment to discern what is good, what is the value of its applause? Trevylyan seems to have a philosophical mind, and we would suggest to him that the best use of philosophy is to ascertain, or to endeavour to ascertain, the causes of apparently incurable evils, and to see whether there may not be some good in them. The next best thing to getting rid of an evil, is the proving it to be a good. After all, as it is possible, just *possible*, that Trevylyan does not read the *Athenæum*, and if so, he may not see our good advice, we will leave him, and return to the work itself, as we are anxious to conclude our review with an extract from the last chapter, describing the death of Gertrude. It should be premised, that the party had lately visited a beautiful and romantic spot, connected with an interesting legend, when "Gertrude turned, with tears starting to her eyes, and laying her hand on Trevylyan's, whispered, 'In such a spot, so calm, so sequestered, yet in the neighbourhood of the house of God, would I wish this broken frame to be consigned to rest.'" Then follows the chapter from which we take our last extract:—

"One evening, amidst the desolate ruins of Heidelberg, Trevylyan, who had gone forth alone, to indulge the thoughts which he strove to stifle in Gertrude's presence, suddenly encountered Vane. That calm and almost callous pupil of the adversities of the world, was standing alone, and gazing upon the shattered casements and riven tower, through which the sun now cast its slant and parting ray.

"Trevylyan, who had never loved this cold and unsusceptible man, save for the sake of Gertrude, felt now almost a hatred creep over him, as he thought in such a time, and with death fastening upon the flower of her house, he could yet be calm, and smile, and muse, and moralise, and play the common part of the world. He strode slowly up to him, and standing full before him, said with a hollow voice and writhing smile; 'You amuse yourself pleasantly, sir: this is a fine scene;—and to meditate over griefs a thousand years hushed to rest, is better than watching over a sick girl, and eating away your heart with fear.'

"Vane looked at him quietly, but intently, and made no reply.

"'Vane!' continued Trevylyan, with the same preternatural attempt at calm: 'Vane, in a few days all will be over, and you and I, the things, the plotters, the false men of the world, will be left alone—left by the sole Being that graces our dull life, that makes, by her love, either of us worthy of a thought!'

"Vane started, and turned away his face. 'You are cruel,' said he, with a faltering voice.

"'What, man!' shouted Trevylyan, seizing him abruptly by the arm, 'can *you* feel? Is your cold heart touched? Come, then,' added he, with a wild laugh, 'come, let us be friends!'

"Vane drew himself aside, with a certain dignity, that impressed Trevylyan even at that hour. 'Some years hence,' said he, 'you will be called cold as I am; sorrow will teach you the wisdom of indifference—it is a bitter school, sir, a bitter school! But think you that I do indeed see unmoved my last hope shivered—the last tie that binds me to my kind? No, no! I feel it as a man may feel; I cloak it as a man grown grey in misfortune should do! My child is more to me than your betrothed to you; for you are young and wealthy, and life smiles before you; but I—no more—sir—no more.'

"'Forgive me,' said Trevylyan, humbly; 'I have wronged you: but Gertrude is an excuse for any crime of love; and now listen to my last prayer—give her to me—even on the verge of the grave. Death cannot seize her in the arms—in the vigils—of a love like mine.'

"Vane shuddered. 'It were to wed the dead,' said he—'No!'

"Trevylyan drew back, and without another word, hurried away; he returned to the town; he sought, with methodical calmness, the owner of the piece of ground on which Gertrude had wished to be buried. He purchased it, and that very night he sought the priest of a neighbouring church, and directed it should be consecrated according to the due rite and ceremonial.

"The priest, an aged and pious man, was struck by the request, and the air of him who made it.

"'Shall it be done forthwith, sir?' said he, hesitating.

"'Forthwith,' answered Trevylyan, with a calm smile—'a bridegroom, you know, is naturally impatient.'

"For the next three days, Gertrude was so ill as to be confined to her bed. All that time, Trevylyan sate outside her door, without speaking, scarcely lifting his eyes from the ground. The attendants passed to and fro—he heeded them not; perhaps as even the foreign menials turned aside and wiped their eyes, and prayed God to comfort him, he required compassion less at that time than any other. There is a stupefaction in woe, and the heart sleeps without a pang when exhausted by its afflictions.

"But on the fourth day Gertrude rose, and was carried down (how changed, yet how lovely ever!) to their common apartment. During those three days the priest had been with her often, and her spirit, full of religion from her childhood, had been unspeakably soothed by his comfort. She took food from the hand of Trevylyan; she smiled upon him as sweetly as of old. She conversed with him, though with a faint voice and at broken intervals. But she felt no pain; life ebbed away gradually, and without a pang. 'My father,' she said to Vane, whose features still bore their usual calm, whatever might have passed within, 'I know that you will grieve, when I am gone, more than the world might guess; for I only know what you were years ago, ere friends left you and fortune frowned,—and ere my poor mother died. But do not, do not believe that hope and comfort leave you with me. Till the heaven pass away from the earth, there shall be comfort and hope for all.'

"They did not lodge in the town, but had fixed their abode on its outskirts, and within sight of the Neckar; and from the window they saw a light sail gliding gaily by, till it passed, and solitude once more rested upon the waters.

"'The sail passes from our eyes,' said Gertrude, pointing to it, 'but still it glides on as happily though we see it no more; and I feel—yes, father, I feel—I know that it is so with *us*. We glide down the river of time from the eyes of men, but we cease not the less to *be*!'

"And now, as the twilight descended, she expressed a wish, before she retired to rest, to be left alone with Trevylyan. He was not then sitting by her side, for he would not trust himself to do so; but with his face averted, at a little distance from her. She called him by his name: he answered not nor turned. Weak as she was, she raised herself from the sofa, and crept gently along the floor till she came to him, and sank in his arms.

"'Ah, unkind!' she said, 'unkind for once! Will you turn away from me? Come, let us look once more on the river; see, the night darkens over it. Our pleasant voyage, the type of our love, is finished, our sail may be unfurled no more. Never again can your voice soothe the lassitude of sickness with the legend and the song—the course is run, the vessel is broken up, night closes over its fragments; but now, in this hour, love me, be kind to me as ever. Still let me be your own Gertrude—still let me close my eyes this night as before, with the sweet consciousness that I am loved.'

"'Loved!—Oh Gertrude speak not to me thus!'

"'Come, that is yourself again!' and she clung with weak arms caressingly to his breast; 'and now,' she said more solemnly, 'let us forget that we are mortal; let us remember only that life is a part, not the whole of our career; let us feel in this soft hour, and while yet we are unsevered, the presence of The Eternal that is within us, so that it shall not be as death, but as a short absence; and when once the pang of parting is over, you must think only that we are shortly to meet again. What! you turn from me still? See, I do not weep or grieve, I have conquered the pang of our absence, will you be outdone by me? Do you remember, Albert, that you once told me how the wisest of the sages of old, in prison, and before death, consoled his friends with the proof of the immortality of the soul. Is it not a consolation? —does it not suffice; or will you deem it wise from the lips of wisdom, but vain from the lips of love?'

"'Hush, hush!' said Trevylyan wildly, 'or I shall think you an angel already.'

"But let us close this commune, and leave unrevealed the *last* sacred words that ever passed between them upon earth.

"When Vane and the physician stole back softly into the room, Trevylyan motioned to them to be still; 'She sleeps,' he whispered; 'hush!' And in truth, wearied out by her own emotions, and lulled by the belief that she had soothed one with whom her heart dwelt now, as ever, she had fallen into sleep, or, it may be, insensibility, on his breast. There as she lay, so fair, so frail, so delicate, the twilight deepened into shade, and the first star, like the hope of the future, broke forth upon the darkness of the earth.

"Nothing could equal the stillness without, save that which lay breathlessly within. For not one of the group stirred or spoke; and Trevylyan, bending over her, never took his eyes from her face, watching the parted lips, and fancying that he imbibed the breath. Alas, the breath was stilled! from sleep to death she had glided without a sigh: happy, most happy in that death!—Cradled in the arms of unchanged love, and brightened in her last thought by the consciousness of innocence, and the assurances of heaven!"

We cannot conclude without expressing our admiration of the taste and skill with which Mr. Bulwer has arranged and cemented together his materials. He has entered fully into the spirit of his subject, and has fairly done it justice. We have read every line of the book, and shall be happy, when occasion offers, to read it again. We particularly admire the sound good sense of Gertrude's father; and though he sometimes speaks crabbedly, and almost misanthropically, we cannot but like, and acknowledge that there is good in him. There is something beautiful in misanthropy—the sweetest wine makes the sourest vinegar; and he that cannot hate cannot love. We wish that we had room to extract his story, called 'The Tour of the Virtues'; the subject is pleasantly handled, and though it tells no new truth, it puts a very important one in a very clear light.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'LARDNER'S CABINET CYCLOPÆDIA, No. 51, *The History of Natural Philosophy*, by Professor Powell, &c. &c.'—This volume is what lawyers would call, "a surplusage" in the Cabinet Cyclopædia: Herschel's beautiful 'Introduction to the study of Natural Philosophy' contained all that was necessary to be known by ordinary readers, respecting the origin and progress of physical science. Had that refuge for the illegitimate volumes of the Cyclopædia, the Cabinet Library, been in existence, Professor Powell's work might have found an appropriate place in that series, but its present position only tends to prove that proportion and organization form no part of the plan on which the Cyclopædia is conducted. In one respect the volume merits its present place—no proportion is observed in the space allowed to the several topics of which it treats: the author began on a scale which would require three or four volumes; and when he saw how much of his allotted space had been consumed by ancient history, he adopted a more limited course, and thus contrived that the extent of the information he affords should decrease, as the interest of his subject increased. With singular candour, he tells us in his preface, and in his concluding paragraph, that such has been the fact, and supposes that absolution must as a matter of course follow confession. We fear the forgiveness he will receive, will resemble that bestowed by Rowena on Bracy, in 'Ivanhoe'—"I forgive you, Sir Knight," said Rowena, "as a Christian." "That means," shouted Wamba, "that she does not forgive you at all."

'*Conybeare's Elementary Course of Lectures on the Criticism, &c., of the Bible.*'—This excellent little volume, is primarily addressed to Theological students in the new college at Bristol, but it is the best manual of biblical criticism that has yet been provided for those who are beginning a scholastic course of divinity. The appendix to the second lecture, which treats of the general grammatical principles of the Semitic languages, is especially excellent, for it removes many of the difficulties that have hitherto impeded the study of Hebrew and Arabic. Mr. Conybeare suggests one improvement, which we trust to see adopted in all future Hebrew grammars, the use of significant names for the conjugations, Active, Passive, Causative, Reciprocal, &c., instead of the unmeaning terms, Kal, Niphal, Hiphil, &c. We are not prepared to consent to the rejection of the vowel points, though we grant that they should not be taken into account, in questions of comparative philology.

'*Political and other Poems*, by Charles Cole, a London Mechanic, to be continued Monthly.'—We cannot believe that party politics and poetry, have any thing in common. Too much of personal littleness mingles with partizanship, to make its wishes and efforts suitable themes for verse, and we regret, when we see any who might be pilgrims through the land of the beautiful, wilfully seeking the thorny noisy way, and choosing as matter for their musings, the inconsistencies of Cobbett, or the offences of Sir John Key. We have said thus much, because we find in these pamphlets, evidences of poetical power on the part of Mr. Cole, which show him capable of better things than any he has published. The two first stanzas in his series of poems, are about the best amongst them.

A Boy—I *dream'd* of Liberty:
A Youth—I said 'but *am I Free*'?
A Man—I *felt* that Slavery
Had bound me in her chain:—
But, yet, the dream which, when a boy,
Was wont my musings to employ,
Fast rolling years could not destroy,
With all their grief and pain.

No! still, the thought that mocks control,
Whose only rest is Freedom's goal,
Would, mantling, rise within my soul,
Till ev'ry vein ran fire!
My spirit, in a spell was bound—
The spell of an inchanting sound,
Which bade me wake—and breathe around
The murmurs of the Lyre!

'*Songs and Poems*, by Charles Mackay.'—This author observes in his preface, "never was an age more prolific in rhymes, than the present, and never was there a greater outcry against the public, for her insensibility to song." Precisely so, (as the gentleman in black says,) and the insensibility of the Public will always be in proportion to the number of Rhymers. Twenty false prophets may easily keep up such a coil in her ear, that she will refuse to listen to the voice of the true one. We fear that Mr. Mackay will rather make the number *twenty-one*, than *two*, and have the less hesitation in saying so, as his book (half a-crown dearer than a volume of Crabbe or Byron, and containing about an eighth as much matter, without reference to quality,) is published by subscription.

'*Canzone e Sonette, (à Carlo Napier, &c.)* di S. P. Taner Toscano.'—An ode to Admiral Napier, full of the highest sounding praise for valour which language can offer, and two sonnets to Count Villaflor, also laudatory, can claim no long notice. There is some elevation of language in both, but we have the remembrance of Filicaja, and Herrera's odes of triumph, fresh in our recollection, and moreover cannot like anything savouring strongly of personal adulation, which these do. The notes are interesting.

'*History of England.*'—Here we have the first volume of Mr. Valpy's new edition of Hume and Smollett, which is to be continued from the accession of George the Third to 1835, by the Rev.

T. S. Hughes. The work is to be published in nineteen monthly volumes, and illustrated with seventy-six engravings on steel. It is only necessary for us to announce, that it is printed with good type, and on good paper.

'*Readings in Science.*'—This is a very singular book, and we are almost at a loss how to characterize it. There is in it an original mode of narrating scientific deductions, together with a facility of illustration, that must make it very captivating to an intelligent schoolboy. But there is a want of method apparent, particularly at the commencement, where the author seems to have followed no determinate plan, but to have taken the first subject that came to his hand, and explained it in the first mode that came into his head. Yet even in this way, we have an excellent chapter on triangles, and one tolerably good on the construction of a watch. It would appear as though some one had then suggested to the author the necessity of something like order, for he takes up the two great subjects, Light and Heat, and proceeds to elucidate their qualities and effects, in a more systematic manner. This introduces us to entertaining chapters on reflection, refraction, mirrors, kaleidoscopes, telescopes, thermometers, together with pottery, glass-making, and other manufactures depending on heat; concluding with an account of the microscope, and the wonders which it reveals—and the volume is abundantly illustrated with well executed wood-cuts.

'*The Dublin University Calendar.*'—The second volume of this publication fully maintains the high character which the first obtained. The Examination Papers subjoined to the volume, bear honourable testimony to the advanced state of science in the Dublin University, especially those that bear the name of Mr. Luby, which not only exercise mathematical ingenuity, but supply materials for philosophical speculation. Dr. Singer's examination in Classics is excellent in the critical, but rather meagre in the historical department. Dr. Elrington's questions in Divinity, are well calculated to exercise both the judgment and the memory: it is perhaps to be lamented, that their tendency is in some instances too directly controversial.

'*Transactions of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c.* Vol. 49, Part II.'—Having spoken at some length of the first part of this volume of the Society's Transactions, it is only necessary for us now to announce the publication of the second, and to state generally, that it contains many papers of interest and value, and many hints and suggesstions, that may be of service to practical men.

'*Adam's Roman Antiquities*, by James Boyd, LL.D.'—This is a cheap edition of a valuable work. The editor states that he has availed himself, to correct errors and supply deficiencies, of many valuable books published since the time of Dr. Adam, and that he has greatly enlarged the Indices. It is neatly printed, and illustrated with nearly a hundred wood-cuts.

'*Chambers's Journal*, Vol. II.—*The Mechanic's Magazine*, Vol. XIX.—*The Mirror*, Vol. XXII.'—These works do honour to cheap literature, and are excellent in their several ways.

'*Arcana of Science and Art, for* 1834.'—This little annual volume contains, as usual, a great deal of valuable information, gleaned from a variety of sources.

'*Hunterian Reminiscences.*'—These are notes, taken by Mr. Parkinson, and now published by his son, of a course of lectures delivered by John Hunter in 1785. As the leading doctrines touched on in these lectures, were afterwards more fully explained by Mr. Hunter in his published works, we cannot see the use of bringing them forward in their less perfect form.

'*Xenophon for beginners.*'—A work well calculated to facilitate the progress of young students in the Greek language. The lexicon at the end is equally creditable to the taste and diligence of the compiler. A few of Lucian's short and lively dialogues, edited on the same plan, would make an excellent school-book.

'*Rowbotham's French Genders.*'—'*The French Genders*, by W. Benner.'—Every one knows, that the genders present the greatest difficulty that the students of the French language have to encounter. Messrs. Rowbotham and Benner have both endeavoured to remove this difficulty, and not wholly without success; but, after all, practice and experience can alone give accurate knowledge of the subject.

'*Briefwechsel zwischen Heinrich Voss und Jean Paul, herausgegeben von Abraham Voss—*[*Correspondence between Henry Voss and Jean Paul, published by Abraham Voss*]*—mit Heinrich Voss's Bildniss.*'—The fame of Jean Paul has filled all Germany, and made him known, by name at least, over Europe. Voss is the able translator of our immortal Bard. These letters are pleasant, light reading; they are the familiar chat of two amiable men of kindred tastes, feelings, and pursuits; and they are strongly marked with that single-mindedness, which we so often find in the German character; but translations would not sufficiently interest the English readers: many topics referred to are of a local or temporary nature, and many of the criticisms on our own Literature, though judicious enough, want novelty.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

The opening of the Italian Opera is delayed, from many causes and disappointments, which, we have no doubt, arise in a great measure, from the uncertainty as to obtaining its management, which must have prevented Laporte from making the necessary arrangements in time. Of late years, the Opera has never paid its expenses till after Easter: this delay, therefore, may prove rather advantageous to the lessee, but to the world of loungers it is anything but pleasant. This time, a provincial town has got the start of us; an Italian Opera company, direct from Genoa, with a *corps de ballet* and *scene-painter* from Seville, has temporarily established itself at Liverpool. The season was to commence on Monday last with 'Semiramide.' The names of the members of the company are strange to us, but we hear that there is every prospect of their performances being something more than commonly good, as well as successful. Mr. J. Z. Hermann was to lead.

His Majesty, we are told, takes much interest in the projected Westminster Festival. Sir George Smart, Messrs. Hawes, Potter, Cramer, Parry, Sherrington, and F. Meyer (why the last three?) have been appointed as sub-committee, to make the musical arrangements. We cannot but again urge the reasonableness and expediency of bringing forward some new work of consequence. Birmingham is to open her new Town Hall with the Chevalier Neukomm's 'David.' Why should London be behind hand?

A pleasant report has reached us from Dublin, that Lady Morgan is engaged on a new work.

His Majesty has, we understand, ordered busts of Nelson and Wellington to be placed in the Royal Gallery at Windsor Castle: they are from the chisel of Chantrey. The former is to find an appropriate pedestal formed from the mast of the *Victory*.

Estimates, we hear, have been made and tendered of the probable expense of raising the bronze statue of the Duke of York to the summit of the column in Waterloo Place: none exceed 500*l.*, and one is as low as 350*l.* A statue placed at such a height requires only to be a well-proportioned human figure: all likeness is lost, and one man is as good as another.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 13.—His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, President, in the chair.—The reading of Mr. Faraday's series of papers on Electro-Chemical Decomposition was concluded. He considers that his experiments have so decisively established his theory of the definite nature of electro-chemical decomposition, as to warrant the introduction of a new nomenclature, dependent on their exhibitions, when subjected to Voltaic electricity, and the forming of tables, in which their decomposition might be expressed by numbers, to be called electro-chemical equivalents. He proved that these electro-chemical equivalents have definite proportions, which perfectly coincide with those of ordinary chemical affinities, and may consequently be derived from the composition of bodies; and he believes ordinary chemical affinity to be the result of that attraction which holds the particles of matter together.

These views were further expanded in the thirteenth section. Mr. Faraday showed that the quantity of electricity necessary to decompose a body, is exactly equal to that which holds its particles together. And he detailed some experiments to show that this quantity is much greater than we have usually imagined; for instance, a single drop of water resisted, for more than three minutes, the action of a stream of electricity, which kept three inches of platina wire red hot, and appeared, from other experiments, equal to an ordinary flash of lightning. This leads us to reflect on the amazing quantity of electricity associated with matter, and suggests that, by means of chemical decomposition, a mode of generating electricity may be discovered so far superior to the Voltaic battery, as to transcend ordinary calculation. The new theory of electro-chemical decomposition so completely harmonizes with the theory of definite proportions, that both seem to form part of the same system; and as the similarity of the magnetic and electrical laws has been previously established, it is probable that a clue has now been found to the discovery of the general law that comprehends all the mutual agencies of matter.

The reading of Mr. Phillips's paper on Death was commenced.

Feb. 20.—H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, President, in the chair.—The reading of Dr. Phillips's paper, 'On Death,' was resumed. The writer stated, that death, under its various forms, whether arising from old age, excessive stimulants producing exhaustion, debilitating causes that weaken vital action, injury, or disease of vital organs, is always preceded by a loss of sensibility, so that the precise action we properly call death, is one unattended with pain. This is proved by the experience of those who have been recovered after submersion or strangulation, for they all agree, that no pain was felt when the vital functions were suspended, but that acute pain attended their first sensations of returning life. Death, then, is simply the loss of sensibility.

A paper, 'On the Tides in the Port of London,' by J. W. Lubbock, Esq., V.P., was read; one by Capt. Roos, 'On the Means used to Raise the Treasures sunk in H.M.S. the *Thetis*, at Cape Fryon,' was commenced, and the remainder deferred to the next night of meeting.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

Feb. 15.—The Right Hon. Sir Alexander Johnston, V.P., in the chair.—The following, amongst other donations, were laid on the table:—From Capt. Harkness, Sec. R.A.S., a richly-coloured plan, executed by a native artist, of the Seringam Temple, with elevations of the gateways, &c., and a massive silver neck-chain, worn

by the inhabitants of the Nilagiri hills. Capt. Harkness also presented, in the name of Tiru Vencatachala Mudeliar, a teacher in the College of Fort St. George, a series of works, designed to facilitate the acquisition of the Tamil language; and, in the name of Visoambra Sastri, a similar series of works in Sanscrit. From H. J. Domis, Esq., his notes on Java, and a curious antique Javanese coin, perforated in the centre, with a representation of Adam and Eve on one side; from Capt. Grindlay an original oil painting of a Byraggi, or Hindú devotee; from William C. Taylor, Esq., a copy of the *Foreign Quarterly Review* from the commencement; on announcing which, the Right Hon. Chairman observed that it was a contribution to the library, from a gentleman who had devoted considerable attention to Oriental literature, and was the author of several articles of great merit in this and other periodicals, written in the hope of exciting more general interest in the subject, and many of his suggestions were likely to prove of practical utility. Sir Alexander also laid on the table, in the name of the author, a copy of Mr. Auber's recently published work on China, and several valuable documents connected with appeal cases from India, which have been heard before the Privy Council.

James Bird, Esq., surgeon on the Bombay establishment, was elected a resident member of the Society; after which he commenced reading a paper, being an historical introduction to a translation of the *Mirât i Ahmadi*, a Mohammedan history of Guzerat, which he has completed, and illustrating the constitution of Hindú society and the state of India, from the end of the 10th to the beginning of the 13th century. The obscurity which hangs over the Hindú annals from the end of the 10th to the end of the 12th century is very great, and Mohammedan authors supply little more than a list of names of the Rájás opposed to the Kings of Ghizni and Ghor. No work deserving the name of history, (not excepting the *Raja Taringini*, translated by Professor Wilson,) can be said to exist among the Hindús; and were it not for the aid afforded by the grants of land inscribed on copper, and the Mohammedan annals, but little could be done in the way of fixing the dates of even comparatively recent transactions. After these preliminary observations, Mr. Bird proceeds to explain the geography of the western coast of India, as it appears to have been known to the early Sanscrit authors, and then narrates the first invasion of India by the Mohammedans, under Subuktagin, in A.D. 977; the Hindús were, on this occasion, defeated with great loss near Lumghan; and Mr. Bird here enters into a consideration of the causes of the inferiority of the Rajputs, as soldiers, to the Mohammedans, leading to some remarks on the general state of India at that time; after which he succinctly describes the several irruptions into India by Mahmúd of Ghizni, illustrating the whole by notes and explanations. The further reading of the paper was postponed till the next meeting, on the 1st of March.

Among the visitors present on this occasion we noticed Capt. Ross, R.N., Capt. Chesney, R.A., &c. &c. In the meeting room were suspended several original portraits of natives of the Nilagiri hills, executed by a gentleman of the Madras army, at present residing there.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Feb. 13.—W. R. Hamilton, Esq. V.P. in the chair.—Mr. C. Parker, architect, having been previously elected, was admitted a Fellow of the Society. Communications were read from the Dean of Wells, and from Mr. Gage, the learned Director of the Society, in further illustration of the crosier exhibited by the former gentleman at the last meeting. They both agree in assigning it to the latter end of the twelfth, or the beginning of the thirteenth century. Mr. Gage suggests, that it was the crosier of Savaricus, who was consecrated Bishop of Wells on St. Michael's day, 1194, and who transferred the see, during his occupation of it, to Glastonbury; he being at the same time Bishop and Abbot of that place. This suggestion acquires force from the fact, that the monastery was dedicated to St. Michael, whose effigy, we stated last week, decorates the volute of the crosier. Mr. Gage communicated also a notice of a Roman coin found at Barklow in Cambridgeshire, near to where some important discoveries of Roman remains were made last year.

Sir H. Ellis commenced the reading of a paper by Mr. Ottley, a Fellow of the Society, and the keeper of the prints in the British Museum, on some ancient decorated and illuminated manuscripts of early date, one of which is preserved in the Museum. The present reading, however, was merely introductory of the subject, which will be continued.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Feb. 7.—Mr. Dent on the Balance Springs of Watches. He commenced with a slight historical sketch of the attempts at constructing watches with balances of different kinds, dwelling particularly on the original invention by Hook, and the subsequent improvements by Arnold. He then noticed the inaccuracies to which the balance spring was liable, and showed them to depend on two causes—the expansion of the material by heat, and its loss of elasticity. The latter cause produced by far the greatest amount of error. To remedy this, he had instituted experiments calculated to ascertain whether this loss of elasticity, consequent on variations of temperature, might not be less in some other bodies than in metals. Glass proved to have the desired qualification; and, in consequence, he had constructed a chronometer with both balance and balance spring of glass, which gave the most satisfactory results in several comparisons that he had made of it with other timekeepers of great accuracy. To ascertain, however, perfectly the value of the instrument, it is at present undergoing a six months' probation at Greenwich Observatory; after which a report on its merits is to be made to the Admiralty. So far as the experiment had gone, Mr. Dent stated it to be perfectly in proof of the value of his discovery. The powers of the glass spring also, in resisting the effect of concussion, had been proved by his chronometer being placed in actual contact with a cannon, which was fired off without in the least affecting the rate of going of the timepiece.

Mr. Dent having concluded, Mr. Faraday mentioned a few facts which just occurred to him, as showing that metals were slow in assuming their final and definite position upon a change of temperature. Mr. Fisher, who accompanied the expedition under Capt. Parry to the North Pole, found, on examining metallic bars at extreme degrees of cold, that they had actually not diminished in length, as he had been led to expect; but when he struck them with a key, so as to cause a certain vibration or motion of the particles, contraction then took place. Mr. Wheatstone had observed a fact of the same kind under increased degrees of temperature; both of which circumstances indicated the imperfection of the elasticity of metallic bodies. On the contrary, Professor Ritchie, in certain experiments made on glass, found it always to exhibit elasticity in a very high degree: thus, a thin filament of glass, wound into a spiral, however fine, instantly resumed its straightness and full length upon being left to itself. These facts Mr. F. mentioned as tending to strengthen Mr. Dent's opinion.

Feb. 14.—Mr. Faraday undertook to explain the principles of Mr. Ericsson's new invention, the Caloric Engine. He said that, in doing so, he should abstain from giving any opinion as to its merits, the matter having now become one in which pecuniary interests were mixed up. The question had originally been put to him in a scientific point of view, whether it was possible to transfer heat from one current of air to another, passing alternately through the same tubes. To this his answer was in the affirmative, and the method by which this is done constitutes one of the peculiarities of Mr. Ericsson's machine. The principle was long since proposed as a motive power with fluids; applying it to gases belongs to Mr. Ericsson. The part of the engine in which the process of transfer takes place is called the regenerator. The pipes contain numerous plates of metal resembling partial valves, by which the current of air is broken, and brought into more perfect contact with their sides. There are two cylinders, of unequal magnitude and temperature, and the air, driven from the one to the other, and expanded or contracted in its passage through the tubes, produces the motion of the pistons. By the aid of diagrams, Mr. Faraday demonstrated the mode in which the engine would work, adding that, as it occurred to him at the moment, there was no provision for preserving the due balance of power necessary for the continuation of motion. This point, however, he merely mentioned on the suggestion of the moment; he had not given it any reflection, nor had he been able to mention it to Mr. Ericsson, by whom, perhaps, it might have been obviated.

LINNÆAN SOCIETY.

Feb. 18.—A. B. Lambert, Esq., in the chair. Several candidates were balloted for and elected. The Secretary read the third and last portion of Professor Schomberg's paper on remarkable trees, which described the silk cotton-tree of the West Indies; and the paper concluded by detailing the habits of a particular and formidable species of ant. Among the presents on the table was a collection of plants from the south of France.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 11.—Joseph Sabine, Esq., V.P., in the chair. The Secretary read Mr. Broderip's descriptions of several species of shells, belonging to the different genera which M. Lesson has included in the family *Caliptreadæ*. These genera are founded on certain modifications of the foot and mantle of the animals, which have reference to the form, situation, and size of the inner funnel-shaped disk. Mr. Owen supplied the anatomical details of the soft parts. Mr. Owen afterwards pointed out, upon some recent preparations, the peculiarities of the pharynx and organs of digestion in the Capybara, confirming the views, and the account of the anatomical structure, published by Mr. Morgan, in the last volume of the Transactions of the Linnæan Society.

The Secretary afterwards read the second part of Mr. William Macleay's paper, which referred to the natural history of the genus *Mygale*, of Walckenaer. The author details the habits of one species, showing that the name *M. avicularia* is misapplied, and Madame Merian's account of its bird-killing propensities incorrect. Examples of this species, of large size, would not attack the smallest humming bird, but retreated in haste, although they readily seized other prey when offered to them. So far from being bird-catchers, they do not even spin a web but live in holes in the ground. The largest spider that spins a web in that country, is *Nephila clavipes*, but so little fear have even the humming birds of being entangled by them, that one species of small size, *Trochilus pectoralis*, may frequently be seen examining their webs, and picking the already caught flies out of them.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Mon.	Royal Geographical Society	Nine, P.M.
	Medical Society	Eight, P.M.
Tues.	Medico-Botanical Society	Eight, P.M.
	Medico-Chirurgical Society	½ p. 8, P.M.
	Institution of Civil Engineers	Eight, P.M.
	Zoological Society (*Scientific Business*)	½ p. 8, P.M.
Wed.	Geological Society	½ p. 8, P.M.
	Society of Arts	½ p. 7, P.M.
Th.	Royal Society	½ p. 8, P.M.
	Society of Antiquaries	Eight, P.M.
Fri.	Royal Institution	½ p. 8, P.M.
Sat.	Royal Asiatic Society	Two, P.M.
	Westminster Medical Society	Eight, P.M.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

On Friday, the 14th inst., a highly interesting introductory lecture, 'On the Study of General History,' was delivered at the London University, by the lately-appointed Professor, the Rev. R. Vaughan.

Mr. Vaughan, after defining the subject of General History, touched on the numerous sources whence its materials must be derived, and the qualifications requisite to constitute a just and faithful expositor of them. Of these last, he dwelt especially on the importance of unwearied industry, retentive memory, sagacity to infer just and comprehensive conclusions from minute and desultory facts, conscientious, and even devoted love of truth, benevolent interest in the destinies of mankind, and a lively sympathy with the feelings, whether of a secular or religious character, by which they are influenced. On this latter point, especially, he dwelt with much force. Referring to his own character and situation, he said, that he was not there to teach Religion, nor should he think of so far deviating from his immediate duties as to give his labours such a direction. But, feeling deeply the large share which religious feeling had, in all ages, possessed in forming national character, and influencing human events, he would assuredly give it a corresponding place in all his Analyses; without which, he contended, History would seem to have but one eye, and a historian would be constantly dealing with effects without causes. He would merely strive on this head to be always rigorously impartial, giving to each religious creed and impulse precisely its due weight, and neither more nor less: for a cold and a bigoted estimate of the value of religious influence, are alike injurious to the character of the general historian.

Mr. Vaughan next adverted to the matters of instruction, to be deduced from the study of General History, and classed them under the several heads of Legislation and Government, Commerce, Science and Art, Literature, Religion, and National Character, including Manners and Customs. He regretted that the information communicated regarding these, in our classical histories, is, for the most part, so mixed up with other matters, as to make it extremely difficult to extract each lesson separately; but he adduced examples, both from Hallam and Gibbon, to show, that an opposite method is not necessarily dry or didactic; and, for his own part, he conceived, that the advantages which Science has derived from classification, can, with equal, or even superior, effect, be obtained also in General History from its use. He illustrated this view at some length, then intimated the several parts into which he proposed to divide the subject, which he should treat, he said, at such length as to extend a complete course over two academical sessions; and concluded with an animated appeal regarding the importance of historical studies at all times, but especially at the present moment, when a considerable amount of restlessness pervades the community, and some of the elements of society would seem to be again in the crucible. At such a period, it is of peculiar importance that the experiments of bygone ages should be carefully and methodically reviewed, and the appropriate lessons deduced alike from their success and failure. And they who would reject, or neglect, such a preparation for enabling them to form a correct judgment of proposed arrangements for the future, are only less foolish, and may be much more mischievous than those who, in regulating their private affairs, dwell ever in theory and speculation, and reject the lessons of their own past experience.

One of the large theatres of the University was crowded to excess, so that, at least, 400 persons must have been present.

Paris Academy of Sciences.—*Sitting of the 3rd February.*—This and the preceding sitting were almost exclusively taken up with medical reports, little suited to the generality of readers. From the Memoir read on the 3rd, we give merely the following:—

M. Boussingault read a memoir relative to the action of acid hydro-chloric gas on silver, at a high temperature, with observations on the *départ sec*.

Formerly, chemists gave the name of *départ sec* to an operation, by means of which they succeeded in separating from gold, the silver and other metals amalgamated with it. The dry work, as it is called, of separating those metals, may be traced to the highest antiquity; and it was only about the year 1350, that their separation by aquafortis began to be known in Europe. During a long period it was confined to the laboratory of the assayers.

Chemistry having since made immense progress, the low price of acids, which was a consequence of it, soon allowed them to effect the separation no longer by the *voie sèche*, but by the *voie humide*. Yet, so little are the arts advanced in Europe, says M. Boussingault, that in many *ateliers* I have very lately observed the old mode of proceeding used in the middle ages. Thus, in such an important establishment as that of New Granada, the separation of silver from the gold of the mines, is still performed by cementing albiazo in a mixture of brick-dust and sea salt, causing to pass over red hot silver a current of hydro-chloric gas, the acid is decomposed, the chlorure of silver is formed, and disengages itself from the hydrogen gas.

The decomposition of hydro-chloric gas by silver, is a fact analogous to that of the decomposition of water by iron. Silver fixes the chlorine of the acid, as iron unites itself to the oxygen of the vapour of water: in the two cases, the hydrogen is free. Nevertheless, at the same temperature at which those metals become decomposed, hydrogen retains the property of reducing, to the metallic state, the chlorure of silver and the oxide of iron, producing hydro-chloric acid and water.

Puits forés.—M. Hericart de Thury read a notice on the results obtained at Tours, by M. de Gouzée, civil engineer in that town. The well sunk under the direction of this skilful engineer gives 1,502,000 litres of water in twenty-four hours. The ascension of the water is twenty-nine metres above the level of the Loire, and four or five metres above that of the soil. Three years ago the town of Tours was supplied by fountains which were often dry in summer; at present, four bored wells give such a volume of water, that each inhabitant has 149 litres per day.

The quantity of water furnished by these wells has been rapidly increasing—the first having given 30,000 litres of water in twenty-four hours; the second 75,000; the third 173,000; and the fourth 1,500,000.

The power of ascension of the water in the last well is very considerable. It cast up, the first days, fragments of a green free-stone of a cubic inch. A ball of four pounds, introduced into it, was ejected with force. It was the same with balls of six and eight pounds. A tin cylinder, containing twenty-two balls of eight pounds, was thrown up.

FINE ARTS

In other days—not at all remote—the engravings which gave form to the fictions of our poets were so weak and worthless, that buyers sarcastically demanded an abatement of price in the purchase of a Milton or a Thomson carrying the dead weight of cuts. It is not so now: artists of high talent have taken compassion upon some of our bards, and Byron, Scott, and Rogers, have made their appearance, with illustrations worthy of the verse. In this list we might have included Bulwer. We have seldom seen the pen and pencil in better harmony. Not but that we think some of the fairy revels "all under the light of the moon," a little too fantastic, and some of the scenes from the hand of Roberts, architectural rather than picturesque. The volume, however, is a beautiful one, and, perhaps, from the very circumstance we have alluded to—the mixture of fact and fiction—it may catch the public regard. Those who wish to see the towns and towers of the Rhine as Roberts saw them, or the elves and fairies of the land as M'Clise imagined them—who love what is beautiful and real, or admire what is graceful and grotesque—should buy these illustrations.

Here we have a work of a graver nature; viz. the fourth number of the '*Illustrations of Modern Sculpture.*' It contains the 'Distressed Mother,' by Westmacott, a touching group, somewhat vulgarized by a bundle of clothes and a big stick, yet natural withal, and well handled. The second figure is 'The Falconer,' by Carew; a well imagined work. The third is less to our liking—'Innocence,' with a serpent fondling on her naked bosom. The artist who designed this has committed a mistake; instead of awakening pleasant and gentle emotions he has excited the reverse: he has erred in his allegory; let Folly take a serpent to her bosom, but give Innocence something akin to her own heart.

In the tenth number of '*Finden's Gallery of the Graces,*' we have some sweet faces and some sweet poetry. 'The Shade of Sadness,' and 'The Wild Flower,' by Boxall, have much of his peculiar grace of expression; the eyelids of the latter are large, and the chin of the former is too blunt and big; still, they have a feeling about them which compels us to look again. 'The Passion Flower' of M'Clise is a little fantastic, we fear, as well as impassioned; it is accompanied by some verses by Barry Cornwall—all elegance and music.

Of Tilt's '*Illustrations of the Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott,*' we have two numbers before us, containing an engraving of Kneller's Duchess of Monmouth; a curious head of the poetic Scottish King, James V., from a carving made during his lifetime, and a number of landscapes exhibiting lakes and castles. Some of the scenes are after the pencil of Turner, and were heretofore published; the public need not be told how exquisitely he can handle wild mountains, lonely lakes, and romantic castles. The 'Hall of Rokeby Castle,' by Hart, is well conceived: a hoary old warder shows it by torch-light, to a stranger; the effect is novel and natural.

We have also on our table four numbers of Lodge's new issue of '*Portraits and Memoirs of Illustrious Personages in British History.*' This is justly regarded by the public as a very valuable work; we cannot open it but we find something to rouse or interest us. Let us try. Here we have a three-quarter length of Oliver Cromwell, after Walker; what a noble head! not coarse and vulgar, but elevated and commanding. He seems meditating the dissolution of the Long Parliament, or an attack upon Prince Rupert—probably the latter, for he is armed and ready for the field.

'*Major's Cabinet Gallery,*' No. 6, Vol. II. contains 'The Suttling Booth' of Wouvermans,

'The Trumpeter' of Terburg, and 'Hagar and the Angel,' of Claude Lorraine. The Trumpeter is a capital thing, full of subdued glee and quiet humour; the landscape part of Claude's picture is gracefully handled; nor is the scene in the suttling booth without interest. Turn we from Major and his prints and biographies, to '*Shaw's Specimens of Ancient English Furniture.*' Here we have a splendid couch, coloured and carved, pertaining to Penshurst; also a singular salt-cellar presented to the New College, Oxford, in 1493, and, better than both, a magnificent arm-chair, richly carved, belonging to Hardwicke Hall, Derbyshire. This is a valuable work; it preserves to future ages the forms of furniture which pleased the taste of our ancestors—nor can we help feeling that they had notions of grandeur and durability surpassing their descendants. '*The Picturesque Memorials of Salisbury*' exhibit scenes interesting to the man of taste as well as to the antiquary. '*The Memorials of Oxford*,' reaching to the 14th number, will be welcome to many Oxonians: nay, an engraving of Merton College, by Le Keux, is accurate enough for an architect, and yet with much of the elegance required in a true work of art.

Of single prints we have sundry before us of great excellence. Here is Uncle Toby looking innocently into the dangerous blue of Widow Wadman's eye, engraved by Danforth, in a way which cannot but be pleasing to Leslie, who painted the original. But what is this? '*The Fairy Mab*,' of the imaginative Fuseli! The elfin sprite has entered into a forbidden chamber, and is enjoying the junkets; her origin is indicated by something like the vision of an eastern attendant. Raddon has held the graver with much success in this singular work.

'*Early Piety*,' after Wright, by Coombs, is much to our taste; a mother and child are reading the Bible, in a manner natural as well as earnest; the former, however, is too finely dressed: simplicity of attire is not the error of any of our artists, save Stothard.—Mr. Mills has drawn and engraved a scene from Moore's 'Loves of the Angels,' in which the natural ease of a sleeping earthly beauty contrasts well with the writhing extravagance of a heavenly admirer. This artist has embodied another scene from the same poet, in which three angels are sitting on the ground, by the side of a wizard lake; they are looking at ladies walking in the distance, and their conversation, we fear, is of earth, earthy. The landscape is a fine one, but a little too like John Martin to be quite original. When we have mentioned '*Coney's View of the Interior of Milan Cathedral*'—a work at once artist-like and scientific—we have done our duty to all specimens of the Fine Arts at present on our table.

MUSIC

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

GREAT activity prevails among the directors of this establishment, in preparing novelty for the ensuing season. This is as it should be. We were fortunately present at their second rehearsal of new music, which promises well. How the admixture of grand vocal works, with the long instrumental pieces, in place of the lighter music with which they used to be diversified, may suit the public taste, we know not. Three new vocal compositions were rehearsed; the first, by Mr. Novello, consisted of solos for a soprano, introduced by recitative, and interspersed with concerted pieces for the other voices; and though some of the musical phrases, and the entire style of the instrumentation might be traced to Mozart and Spohr, it was too good not to receive general praise. We thought Mr. Horsley's motett rather heavy. Mr. Bishop produced an adaptation of part of 'Paradise Lost' to music, in which was displayed a grandeur and sublimity of conception, and a richness of instrumentation, which place him where he should be. Ever since the day when his 'Aladdin' was announced in competition with Weber's 'Oberon,' our brethren on the Continent have been asking us searching questions about Mr. Bishop. We are rejoiced at last to be able to give them an answer. This work was enthusiastically applauded—we hope for a little more quietness on the part of the wind instruments, when it shall be performed.

Mr. J. H. Griesbach conducted a new composition of his, an overture to a sacred drama: it does him great credit for masterly and original conception. Another overture, by Marschner, at once pleased and offended us. This composer is very clever, but we have yet to hear music of his which addresses the heart, as well as the intellect; and his scores are overloaded to cumbrousness. A third overture, also, was executed, which was not without merit. On the whole, we anticipate much from the coming season.

There has been lately performing at the English Catholic Chapel at Moorfields, the first two movements of a new unpublished mass, by an Italian writer of the name of Caruso. The music is, part of it, exceedingly pretty, the fugue in the '*Kyrie*,' and the short trio '*Cum Sancto Spiritu*,' being, perhaps, among the best things in it. —The great attraction which this mass has proved both to the chapel and choir, has determined the authorities there (if Rumour speaks correctly) to lay aside altogether the masses of Haydn and Mozart, and to substitute for them, what is termed a 'lighter species of music,' one of the forthcoming novelties of this kind being, it seems, a mass of Lord Burghersh's. It however appears, that the Requiem of Mozart is about to be adopted as the regular funeral mass at Moorfields; a design which we may fairly enough attribute rather to the good taste of the directors, than to the wishes of the subscribers.

THEATRICALS

VICTORIA THEATRE.

"IF I may be allowed to express my own opinion of the play, upon which the present drama has been founded, I should say that it was not entitled to much success, nor yet to utter condemnation—but let that pass. I have endeavoured to profit by the animadversions of my critics; and have expunged, condensed, and added, where I thought I could do so with effect."

Such is the frank and manly, yet modest opening of a short address, which Mr. Sheridan Knowles has prefixed to the printed copy of his successful drama, called 'The Beggar of Bethnal Green,' produced at this theatre on Wednesday last, and which is an alteration from his unsuccessful play called 'The Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green,' acted at Drury-lane some years ago.

If the critics† of that day had done their duty, and boldly upheld a play which ought not to have been allowed to sink, for the short time which would have been required to make some trifling alterations, they would have done themselves more credit, and Mr. Knowles better justice. Unfortunately, it is too much their habit to save themselves the trouble of thinking, by going with the stream. There were, as we well remember, two or three situations in it, which gave rise to laughter; not that they were ludicrous in themselves, but they came out so in the acting, (a circumstance which cannot always be foreseen,) and an English audience (never less entitled to be called a thinking people, than when within the walls of a theatre) in the excess of their indignation against these trifling offences, condemned, for their sake, a play of considerable interest, and replete with passages of high poetic beauty. Had Mr. Knowles been in affluence, it is probable that the boisterous and thoughtless rudeness of that evening would have driven him for ever from the stage; luckily for others, he was not—and having since, by the production of a series of beautiful plays, schooled the public into a proper respect for his talents, he has now done that which he ought to have been allowed to do at first—made some alterations, and reproduced his ill-used drama. He must be, indeed, unreasonable, if the cheers and plaudits of Wednesday evening have not more than consoled him for his former unmerited annoyance. The legitimate drama, insulted in its former lofty homes, trampled under foot by horses, and danced over in its fall by foreign caperers, has gained a settlement in Lambeth parish—and there has found a refuge for its destitute children; long may the parish play-house keep them from the parish work-house! We need not detail the plot of 'The Beggar of Bethnal Green.' Its foundation is to be met with in the 'Percy Reliques'—and Mr. Knowles's story varies but little from the original. He has altered the time to the reign of Elizabeth, but this was quite allowable. We found portions of the first act rather tedious, but we suspected that this was mainly owing to certain defects in the acting; we have since read the play, and our suspicions are confirmed. The second and third acts possess considerable interest—the serious situations are striking, and the comic ones excellent and well worked out; and all the characters intended to be prominent, are not only well drawn, but admirably painted.

Mr. Knowles is as well aware as we are that he has not the face or person for the Romeo-like *Lord Wilford*, but he has *mind* enough for a dozen Romeos; his reading of the part was what might be expected from the man who could write it. Mr. Williams was highly efficient in *Old Small*; Mr. Abbott highly amusing in *Young Small*; Mr. Latham was very respectable in *Peter*, and sang a song with considerable humour. Mr. Chippendale was sensible, but (physically speaking,) weak in *Strap*. Mr. Forrester was a capital representative of *Ralph*: we are happy to offer him praise without alloy; we are inclined to doubt that the part could have been better played. A Mr. Wynne, whom we never remember to have seen before, and who may, for all we know, be a capital actor in a different line, was terribly misplaced in *Albert*, the blind beggar. He "tore his passion to tatters—to very rags." We have no wish to hurt any one's feelings, but we look for reasonable protection for our own; and really this blind man nearly made us deaf. Miss Jarman enacted the part of *Bess* with much good sense, propriety, and feeling; and Miss P. Horton, to whose rising merit we feel pleasure in adding our testimony, well deserved all the applause she met with in *Kate*. The other ladies had not a great deal to do, but acquitted themselves respectably of their several tasks. We subjoin a few specimens of the writing, and recommend our readers to see the play, upon our assurance that the remainder of the language will be found to answer to sample.

Love at first sight.

I have heard
That subtle passion from a glance has sprung—
Hath in a moment taken root so deep,
Years could not pluck it up; but in the heart
It grew and grew, though beam of sunny hope
Did never fall upon it.

Belmont is trying to rouse *Wilford* from the state of despondency, into which he has fallen, after a fruitless search to find the object of his love:

Belmont. Art thou to pine
To death? This malady is of the head
More than the heart. Believe it can be cured,
Thou'lt find 't will be so. Be thyself again!
Be free! But once beheld may be forgot.

† We perceive by Mr. Knowles's address, that he points to an honourable exception in the *Atlas*—we were not then in *critical* existence, but we envy the *Atlas* this distinction, and trust that "it had been so with us had we been there."

Wilford. Yes, if a thing that any *fellow* hath.
I may forget a diamond, can I find
Another one as rich; but show me one
That is the paragon of all the mine,
And try if that's forgot, though seen but once!
Say that but once I see a beauteous star,
I may forget it for another star:
But say but once I do behold the sun,
And name the orb will blot its image out.

At length he finds her, but, at the same moment, learns that she is the destined bride of another.

Wilford. Is she to be a bride?
Belmont. Are you awake?
Wilford. I am—I am—as one,
That long at sea doth pine him sick for land,
And, ever dreaming on't, starts up at last,
With the rebound which says his bark has struck,
And drowns in sight and very reach of it!
Belmont. Is that the maid?
Wilford. It is. Now wonder at me!
Would'st thou not ask, sprang ever that from earth?
Look there; and think of an anatomy!
Can lurk the canker death in such a cheek?
Is not that flower imperishable, as
It lodged the virtue of the feigned one
Which never dies—in poet's song 'sciept
The immortal Amaranth!

MISCELLANEA

Mr. M. C. Wyatt's Sculpture.—We received a card of invitation to meet a select party on Sunday last, (the 16th,) at Mr. Wyatt's. A letter, dated Feb. 11, which accompanied the card, set forth, that we were, with others, invited to a private view "of a sculptured dog; and, at the same time, the finished model of a horse, in size approaching the colossal, part of a group for the equestrian statue of King George III., previously to its being cast in bronze. The statue first named," said the letter writer, "represents *the celebrated Newfoundland dog, 'Bashaw,' the property of the late Earl of Dudley, from whom Mr. Wyatt received the splendid commission to execute it in various marbles. The living prototype is held to be a specimen of the Newfoundland breed, of surpassing grandeur and beauty. The statue has occupied nearly three years in accomplishing, and is considered by connoisseurs to be the most elaborate and veritable sculptured portrait of a quadruped that has, perhaps, been ever produced by ancient or modern art; and, being wrought in black, grey, and white marble, is costly in proportion, and pronounced to be unique.*" Our active contemporary of the *Gazette*, having "witnessed the performance in its origin, and during its progress," felt "authorized in taking the lead in describing it to the public;" and, accordingly, published his criticism on Saturday (*the 15th*). Thus said the critic: "Mr. M. C. Wyatt, whose superior knowledge, &c., is manifest in the magnificent colossal horses which he has modelled, and the charger, intended for the equestrian statue of King George the Third, to be cast in bronze, has finished a statue of an admired Newfoundland dog, *a matchless specimen of the breed, the property of the late Earl of Dudley, from whom Mr. Wyatt received the splendid commission to execute it in marble. The statue, which has occupied nearly three years in completing, is*, we are sure, *the most exact representation of a quadruped ever produced by ancient or modern art. Being wrought in black, grey, and white marble*, its characteristic effect is strikingly natural, &c., &c., and combining truth, taste, and care, may be *pronounced* singularly effective, magnificent, and *unique*." Seeing how heartily and entirely the parties agreed, we thought our readers might be content with their judgment, and thus save us a wearysome journey to "Dudley Grove House, Paddington."

Society of Painters in Water-colours.—Messrs. Charles Bentley, G. Chambers, and Nash, have been elected Associates of this Society.

Fountain of Fire.—Professor Orioli, of Bologna, in encouraging his fellow citizens to turn their attention to the sinking of those wells, commonly called *Artesian*, stated, that, by working to a sufficient depth, springs of water, or of *inflammable gas*, would certainly be procured. These remarks passed without notice, though confirmed by facts recorded of certain wells in China, in a volume of the Annals of the Society for the Propagation of the Catholic Faith, printed at Lyons in the year 1829, till a recent occurrence established their truth.—In the month of May, 1833, Count Alfonso Serafino di Porcia di Conegliano, whilst boring for a well, on his father's estate, was surprised, after twenty days' labour, at which time the boring-tool had reached the depth of seventy feet, by the sudden issuing forth of a stream of hyper-carbonate hydrogen gas, which flamed up, with a distinct crackling sound, to the height of seven feet, and was six inches in volume. This flame remained constantly kindled, and was only interrupted when its passage was obstructed by the falling of earth, or by the continuance of the work. After ten days of further excavation, the boring-tool having gone to the depth of a hundred and fifty feet, the jet of hydrogen gas increased to a surprising degree; and, on its first sudden irruption, was accompanied by an explosion of mud and hot water. This phenomenon, which, at first, caused some alarm, was afterwards an object of great attraction to many spectators. The flame increased, till it became thirty feet high, and six feet wide, and was burning when the account (of which this is a translation,) was written, more than a month after the bore was first thrust into the earth.

Discovery of a European Colony in New Holland. A Liverpool paper has been kindly sent to us, professing to contain extracts from the MS. Journal of a Lieut. Nixon, who was one of an exploring party, sent out by a scientific society at Singapore, which landing at Raffles Bay, on the north coast of New Holland, on the 10th of April, 1832, made a two months excursion into the interior, and discovered a colony of 300 inhabitants, the descendants of some Dutch men and women, wrecked upon the shore more than 170 years ago. The account is full of minute particulars, but carries on the face of it indubitable marks of falsehood. We are not, however, the less obliged to our correspondent.

Fertility of the Island of Corsica.—It appears by a recent investigation into the climate of the island of Corsica, that the soil is more fertile than any part of France. The mountains are covered with vegetation, and many plants grow without requiring the least cultivation. The soil is found to be very favourable for the cultivation of the vine.

Great improvements have lately been made in France, in the manufacture of tiles used for painting. A stone called the Volvic stone, produced by the lava of the rocks of Auverne, is found to answer the purpose of tiles, much better than any stone previously in use. This stone has also been introduced into the manufactory at Sèvres, and is found to make very excellent china as well as tiles, and is used for enamelling. Some beautiful specimens of enamel painting upon this stone, have lately been executed at Sèvres. One is a copy of a masterpiece of Gerard Dow, and another a beautiful specimen from Rubens. This stone sustains any heat without injury, and is so hard, that it may be employed for pavement. Indeed, it is intended to be used in Paris, in those streets which are to be improved after the English fashion.

M. Germain, a Belgian, has invented an instrument to cure horses of the glanders. He calls it a Betzilian. Twenty horses, which had been sent to the Infirmary at Betz, are said to have been perfectly cured with this instrument, in a very short space of time.

Street Music.—Passing along Regent Street a few evenings ago, a friend of ours heard the entire overture to Il Don Giovanni, executed *en quatuor*, consisting of two violins, clarinet and violoncello. The performers were surrounded by an admiring crowd. We question if any four performers in the Opera band could, without much previous practice, thus execute from memory the classical harmonies of Mozart.

Error in Courtesy.—A countryman, wishing to sympathize with his neighbour for the loss of his wife, said, "I am sorry your poor woman is gone to heaven." "Thank you," replied the other, "may it be long before you get there!"

[ADVERTISEMENT.]—We observe that the following interesting Works are advertised for publication by Mr. Murray in the course of next week, viz.—I. The Life of Sir John Moore.—II. A Third Volume of Mr. Le Bas' Sermons, with New Editions of the Two First.—III. Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau.—IV. Mrs. Somerville on the Connexion of the Sciences.—V. The late Matthew Lewis' Journal of a West India Planter.—VI. A Second Volume of Mr. Jesse's Gleanings in Natural History.—VII. The First Number of Landscape Illustrations of the Bible.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]—THE PILGRIMS OF THE RHINE.—We are requested to state, that Mr. Bulwer's new work, 'The Pilgrims of the Rhine,' price 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*, beautifully illustrated, is NOW READY, and may be had of the Booksellers in Town and Country, or of the Publishers, Messrs. Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street, Hanover Square, where also it may be obtained in a variety of elegant bindings.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of W. & Mon.	Thermom. Max.	Min.	Barometer, Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Thur. 13	48	54	29.82	SW. to NW.	Cloudy.
Frid. 14	50	37	30.10	Var. to S.W.	Ditto.
Sat. 15	46	34	30.15	S.E. to N.E.	Ditto.
Sun. 16	48	27	30.30	S.E.	Clear.
Mon. 17	51	41	30.32	W.	Ditto.
Tues. 18	57	41	30.15	W.	Cloudy.
Wed. 19	52	38	29.90	S.W.	Ditto.

Prevailing Clouds.—Cirrostratus, Cirrus.

Nights and mornings fair. Frost on Sunday night and Monday morning.

Mean temperature of the week, 42°. Greatest variation, 39°.—Mean atmospheric pressure, 30.07.

Day increased on Wednesday, 2 h. 26 min.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

A New Edition of the Poetical Works of S. T. Coleridge, Esq., containing many new Poems.

The Architectural Magazine, conducted by J. C. Loudon, F.L.S., &c., will appear March 1, and be continued monthly.

Cleone; a Tale of Married Life, by Mrs. Leman Grimstone, Author of 'Woman's Love,' 'Character,' &c.

Memoir of the Life, Character, and Writings of Sir Matthew Hale, Knt., Lord Chief Justice of England, by J. B. Williams, Esq.

Education Reform; or, the Necessity and Practicability of a Comprehensive System of National Education, by Thomas Wyse, Jun., Esq., late M.P. for the County of Tipperary.

Just published.—The Frolics of Puck, 3 vols. 1*l.* 7*s.*—Fifty Four Sermons, published for the Benefit of the Irish Clergy, 2 vols. 8vo. 28*s.*—Dr. Armstrong's Lectures on the Principles and Practice of Physic, 8vo. edited by Joseph Rix, Esq., 16*s.*—The Life and Works of Burns, by A. Cunningham, Vol. 2, fc. 8vo 5*s.*—Excursions in the Holy Land, Egypt, Nubia, &c. by John Madox, 2 vols. demy 8vo. 32*s.*—The London Medical and Surgical Journal, Vol. 4, 8vo. 14*s.*—Brady and Mahon's Dictionary of Parochial Law and Taxation, 12mo. 8*s.* 6*d.*—The Art of being Happy, with notes, &c., by T. Flint, post 8vo. 6*s.*—Sullivan's Dictionary of Derivations, 12mo. 4*s.*—Jardine's Naturalist's Library, Vol. 4, (Lions and Tigers.) 6*s.*—Mencham's Memoirs of the Council of Trent, with plates, 1 vol. 8vo. 14*s.*—The Evergreen, 3*s.* 6*d.*—Memoirs of John Roberts, by W. Howitt, 1*s.* 6*d.*—Frank and his Father, by Draper, 5*s.*—The Child at Home, by J. Abbott, 1*s.* 6*d.*—Imaginative Biography, by Sir E. Brydges, 2 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.*—Memoirs of Henry Masers de Latude, by T. W. Calcraft, 12mo. 6*s.*—Bell's Mathematical and Physical Tracts, 8vo. 4*s.*—Craig's Sacred Monitor, 12mo. 5*s.*—Stewart's Hebrew Chrestomathy, 8vo. 14*s.*—Sketches of the Feathered Tribes, by Robert Mudie, with coloured plates, 2 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 8*s.*—Philip on Minute Doses of Mercury, 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*—De Porquet's First French Reading-Book. 2*s.* 6*d.*—De Porquet's French Dictionary, English and French, and French and English. 5*s.*—The Little Lexicon, &c. 3*s.* 6*d.*—The Little Gazetteer, &c. 3*s.* 6*d.*—Report from the Select Committee on Steam Carriages, 8vo. 4*s.*—Weatherhead's Pedestrian Tour through France and Italy, 8vo. 12*s.*—Eccles on Ulcers of the Leg, 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*—The Royal Mariner, &c., by C. D. Sillery, Esq., 1 vol. fc. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*—The History of Twelve Great Living Companies of London, by William Herbert, 14*s.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. N. T.—F.—C.—Y. Z.—F. G. Waldron—T. P. S.—received.

We have received a paper from T., and should wish to know, in confidence, the name of our correspondent.

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